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THE CANADIAN

Orange and Protestant Minstrel

The Glorious, Pious, and Immortal Memory

1688. 1690.

King William III., Prince of Orange.

"The husbandman that laboureth shall be the first partaker of the fruits."
"Honour all men, Love the brotherhood, Fear God, Honour the king."

COMPILED AND SELECTED BY

Bro. THOS. REID, L. O. L., 387, Toronto.

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PREFACE.

IN submitting to the Canadian public, and my Orange Brethren in particular, "The Canadian Orange and Protestant Minstrel," I have most respectfully to state that, in selecting and compiling the present edition of Orange Songs and Sentiments, I wish it to be clearly understood that my object is to revive amongst the Brethren of the Loyal Orange Organization throughout the Universe that loyal and constitutional feeling which existed in our forefather's time and animated them to deeds of valour, which in the remembrance of the victories won at Derry, Aughrim, Enniskillen, and finally consummated at the ever-memorable Battle of the Boyne, must stimulate us to follow in their footsteps.

I am not aware of a single line or paragraph that would in any way offend the most moral and religiously inclined of the Brotherhood, or of any party who may think proper to patronise this my first attempt at compilation.

Our principles, as Orangemen, teach us to have love to God and universal love to man. Our political and religious principles may be briefly summed up, from the two following passages of Holy Writ:—"The husbandman that laboureth shall be the first partaker of the fruits! Honour all men! Love the Brotherhood! Fear God! Honour the King."

I think, dear Brethren, the time has come when we should show our determined opposition, on Biblical principles, to the "Man of Sin," and at this moment, too, when the insidious efforts of the popish propaganda are carried to an almost successful issue. The Jesuit power is notorious in many popish kingdoms, from which they were at various times expelled, but never so effectually as during the late change of affairs in Spain and Germany, when in the former case the female "tyrant of the Pope," *Isabella*, had to fly with her friends and seek an asylum in a foreign land, never more to return to her own. Then as to the latter. The determined and successful efforts of that great and honourable statesman, Prince Bismarck, through whose instrumentality not only have the schools of Germany been freed from popish teaching, but Jesuitism, in its widest sense, banished from the shores of ancient Germania. Having had the pleasure of addressing to that noble man, at the close of the late war, a letter and poem, and the far greater honour of receiving his reply, I beg to embody both in this work.

In conclusion I would say, that the songs of a nation, or body of men, go far to form the mind, character, and conduct of that nation or body; and, therefore, I sincerely trust that this work will not only prove instructive and amusing, but beneficial to many. Should this be the case, it will attain the object of the compiler, who heartily wishes it God speed.

THOMAS REID.

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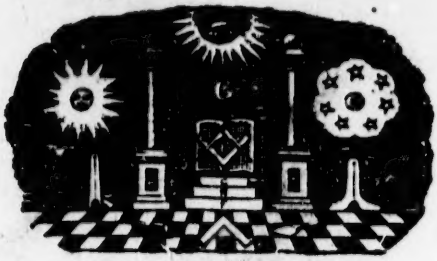


THE CANADIAN

Orange and Protestant

MINSTREL.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.
Send Her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign o'er us,
God save the Queen.

O Lord: our God, arise,
Scatter Her enemies,
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Her our hopes we fix,
God save the Queen.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On Her be pleased to pour,
Long may She reign.
May She defend our laws,
And always give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
God save the Queen.

Lord bless our Church and State,
Long make them good and great,
God save the Queen.
Grant to Thy Church success,
Thy flock and pastors bless,
Pour on us all Thy grace,
God save the Queen.

Crowned by a nation's love,
Guarded by Heavens above,
Long live the Queen.
Long may each voice exclaim,
Wide as Britannia's fame,
Long live Victoria's name,
God save the Queen.

Toast.

The QUEEN ! and may she never forget the principles that placed the House of Brunswick on the Throne.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

July the first, in Oldbridge town,
There was a grievous battle ;
Where many a man lay on the ground
By cannons that did rattle.
King James he pitched his tents between
The lines for to retire ;
King William threw his bomb-balls in
And set them all on fire.

Thereat enraged, they vowed revenge,
Upon King William's forces ;
And oft did cry, vehemently,
That they would stop his courses.
A bullet from the Irish came,
Which grazed King William's arm ;
They thought his Majesty was slain,
Yet it did him little harm.

Duke Schomberg then, with friendly care,
His King would often caution,
To shun the spot, where bullets hot,
Retained their rapid motion.
But William said, "They don't deserve,
The name of faith's defender,
Who would not venture life and limb
To make a foe surrender."

When we the Boyne began to cross,
The enemy descended;
But few of our brave men were lost
So stoutly we defended.
The horse was the first that marched o'er,
The foot soon followed after;
But brave Duke Schomberg was no more,
By venturing o'er the water.

When valiant Schomberg was slain,
King William he accosted
His warlike army to march on,
And he would be the foremost.
"Brave boys!" he said, "be not dismayed
At losing one commander:
For God will be our King to-day,
And I'll be general under."

Then stoutly we the Boyne did cross,
To give our enemies battle,
Our cannons to our foes' great cost,
Like thunder-claps did rattle.
In majestic mein our Prince rode o'er,
His men soon followed after;
With blows and shouts, put foes to the rout,
The day we crossed the water.

The Protestants of Drogheda
Have reason to be thankful,
That they were not to bondage brought,—
They being but a handful.
First to the Tholsel they were brought,—
And tried at Milmount after;
But Royal William set them free,
By venturing o'er the water.

The cunning French, near to Duleek
Had taken up their quarters,
And fenced themselves on every side,
Awaiting for new orders.
But in the dead time of the night
They set the fields on fire,
And long before the morning bright,
To Dublin they did retire.

Then said King William to his men—
After the French departed—
"I'm glad," said he, "that none of you
Seemed to be faint-hearted.
"So sheath your swords and rest awhile;
In time we'll follow after."
These words he uttered with a smile,
The day he crossed the water.

Come let us all with heart and voice,
Applaud our lives' Defender;
Who at the Boyne his valour showed,
And made his foes surrender.
To God above the praise we'll give,
Both now and ever after,
And bless the glorious memory
Of William who cross'd the water.

Toast.

Here's to King William, of honour and fame!
Who purchased our freedom, and supported the same.
Here's that his loyalty never lie by,
While our Orangemen walk on the 12th of July.

THE ROYAL ARCH.

When Israel by the Almighty God,
From Egypt's plains away;
Enriched by their oppressors sore,
In bondage where they lay.
Through Israel's camp His orders went,
They straight obeyed His call;
He ranged His army as He went,
That none of them should fall.

Old Levi's sons did bare the Ark,
As vanguards on the way;
They marched thus on Jordan's bank,
As well as the Red Sea.
He smote the waves to let them pass,
He stayed the rising flood:
While piled on high on either side,
The swelling waters stood.

A wondrous pillar led them on,
Composed of shade and light—
A sheltering cloud it was by day,
A lightning fire by night.
The imperial Juda's tent was chose,
By the Almighty God;
And in that royal mansion
Was placed a mystic rod.

That rod, He said, would testify,
To ages yet unborn:
All those who would God's law despise,
Should off the earth be shorn.
From all the wonders it has done,
There still remaineth one,
To clear the path through Jordan's stream,
And lead our armies on.

Though some have travelled Jordan's bank,
And reached the Promised Land,
Yet two-and-a-half must go before,
As you may understand.
As surely they must quickly pass;
As very soon they would,
Yet still to show they're not on earth,
Can split the Brotherhood.

Almonds sweet of heavenly bread!
Likewise a book of love;
And almond spring to prove to us
Our interests lie above.
And many other witnesses
He placed within the ARK,
Were still to show those not possessed,
Must leave the mystery dark.

My soul with anxious thoughts inspired
To know the depths of all,
I inquired of a brother,
Who led me through a hall;
Where I beheld an angel guard,—
An arch of wondrous height,—
I stumbled, slipped, and lost my shoes,
And also lost my sight.

By prayer I was enabled,
My journey to pursue,
Though my left breast with Death's sharp darts,
Nearly pierced me through.
I heard a war that shook the earth,
Encompassed all around;
Escaping from that dreadful fray,
I fell upon the ground.

'Remember," said my guide to me,
Upon a former day,
"I freed you from the rising depths,
Placed you on Mount Sinai."
When, taking me by the right hand,
Upright against a wall;
By terrors I had lately passed,
He thought to make me fall.

I then resigned nigh to a few,
Who were before combined,
To slay the man who would presume
Our secrets out to find.
He spread his wings to fly away;
I caught him in his flight;
He stayed the weapons that were drawn,
And gave me present light.

And when the light I did behold,
I instantly did see,
The most dangerous situation,
In which they had placed me.
When one more mild than all the rest,
Said, "Look above your head;"
When presently I saw a sight,
Which banished all my dread.

I saw a king in armour grand,
Upon a steed all white,
With a great scroll in his right hand—
A plan of Israel's flight.
Beneath his feet a piece was written,
With great authority;
He seemed to smile, to indicate,
All brethren must go free.

Then instantly their weapons dropped,
And bade me kneel and pray,
I took three steps, my faith being strong—
I hoped for charity.
The curtains from the inward ward
In a moment they were drawn;
They gave a sign, a word, and mark,
They said would lead me on.

When I approached the inner ward,
I saw, on the east side,
Two angels there, to guard the Ark,
Which did twelve men divide.
Beneath their feet were twelve stones laid,
All quarried from the sea;
Each had a pitcher, lamp, and horn,
Which they explained to me.

On one side was a burning bush,
Likewise a shepherd's crook;
An open hand to welcome such
As in the Ark could look.
A fiery serpent to guide the way
Was plac'd there by my God,
I stooped and caught it, as desired,
And lifted it a rod.

'Twas then the blessed land I reached,
A brother for to be,
They said few had more fortitude
Than they had found in me.
They filled all round with pleasant wine,
And drank with social glee:
Here's health to all true Brethren,
The Queen, and three times three.

Toast.—Three times three.

THE BATTLE OF CROSSDALL.

Ye Protestant heroes, of high and low station,
That dwell in this nation, now hear what I say :
'Tis of a designed murder I mean for to tell you,
That happened last July—just on the 12th day.
The year twenty-three, was the date you may see
When these Papist deceivers had formed a plan
To murder us All in the town of Crossdall ;
For they thought to renew the old year forty-one.

Right fal de ral laddie, right-fal de ral laddie, &c.

There was a young priest, a son of the beast,
He and a schoolmaster that came from Glasslough ;
They rode through this quarter the Papists to warn
To be well prepared for the July Walk.
With purses well filled by the hungry and needy,
They distributed it freely for powder and ball.
Even *Bridget* and *Judy* came in for their portion
To murder those heroes that meet in Crossdall.

Right fal de ral laddie, &c.

With our Orange boys, it was always a custom,
To walk with their Districts upon the 12th day.
To fulfil that order ourselves we prepared,
And marched off with courage unto Killaleagh.
We had not been long there, when we received letters
From men of good credit, which plainly did say :
" Boys, if you are wise and take our advice,
This night do not return home from Killaleagh.

Right fal de ral laddie, &c.

For the hills are crowded with thrashers ; a thousand
With all sorts of weapons fearful to be seen.
With grapes and long knives, pitchforks, and old scythes ;
The hills are crowded, from *Cran* unto *Reen*,
For you they are watching, and solemnly swearing,
To stop your processions for all time to come.
With white flags they're marching, on each hill they're watching,
To meet your return when you're coming home.

Right fal de ral laddie, &c.

It's well then bespoke, our worthy James Hamilton,
Receiving these letters, he says to his men :
" Boys, we'll go home, then, the way that we come ;
If they let us alone not a man we'll offend."
Then said my brave heroes, " Go borrow some arms,
They will prove protection if they do us oppose,
And if ever you find that our lives are in danger,
We'll make them smell powder, and they'll fly like the crows."

Right fal de ral laddie, &c.

After some refreshments, for home we returned,
We were not determined to do any ill ;
Till we were surrounded down in a low valley,
At a lone place called Sharkey, above Unshog Mill.
They poured down upon us from every direction,
They made their appearance in a most dreadful shape,
And they cried to each other, "Boys, mind what you've sworn—
To massacre all, and let no man escape !"

Right fal de ral laddie, &c.

Then one of our number stepped quickly towards them,
And said, "You vile savages, what do you mean ?
Are you going to murder us here without reason ?
We'll not you offend ; it's you, I tell in plain,
You are breaking the law, coming here to waylay us ;
We're on our road home to the town of Crossdall,
So don't be deceived, the first man offends us,
Depend upon it, he surely shall fall."

Right fal de ral laddie, &c.

Then turning round, he said unto his Orangemen :
"Don't be alarmed at this papist clan ;
But think of "Old William," who once delivered us,
And at the Boyne Water beat them two to one."
He added : "My brave boys, with your arms stand ready ;
Don't break the law first, till once they fall on,
Then we'll teach them a lesson, King James he once taught them—
Which was to fly from an Orangeman's gun."

Right fal de ral laddie, &c.

For some time we scolded, and travelled together,
But still were surrounded by this wicked clan ;
For they were waiting for a re-inforcement,
That were coming from *Keeran* to meet them at *Cran*.
All the old women were running and shouting,—
Saying, "Hana-ma-doul, why don't you fall on !
For they are going with their whistles and drums
To scare us to death, when July it came on.

Right fal de ral laddie, &c.

They poured down upon us from every direction ;
They blackened our bodies and near broke our bones,
Till a man we then shot, whose name it was Murphy.
'Tis said when he fell he was gathering up stones.
We filled their hospitals with their own wounded and lame ;
And we shot the miller that wrought "Unshog Mill,"
And we are now known as the brave Orange Riflemen,
That sit in *Crossdall*, and that fought at *Cran Hill*.

Right fal de ral laddie, &c.

The fray being ended the hills were still crowded,
Resolved to burn us all in our lodge room ;
When the brave "Keady Orangemen" heard of the tidings,
They declared they would go and soon alter their tune ;
They stripped off their coats though death did them threaten,
The hills were still crowded, along as they ran,
But when the papists they saw them coming,
They said, "*Fly for your lives*, there come old William's sons."

Right fal de ral laddie, &c.

So my Orange brethren be watchful and ready,
To give Rome's minions what they got at Crossdall ;
For, though priests did hurrah, our brave men kept steady,
And by Jehovah's assistance caused their enemies' fall.
Then here's to all brave men throughout all the nation.
May they ever prove true to the colours they love
And each twelfth of July enjoy congenial recreation,
And give honour to God our Grand Master above.

Right fal de ral laddie, &c.

Toast.

Our brave Irish Orangemen who never deserted their principles.

THE PRETTY MAID A PROTESTANT.

A pretty maid, a Protestant,
Was to a Papist wed,
A member of our English Church,
She had been born and bred ;
It sorely grieved her husband's heart
That she would not comply,
And join the Mother-Church of Rome,
And heretics deny.

A pretty maid a Protestant,
Was to a Papist wed,
A member of our English Church,
She had been born and bred.

Day after day he flattered her ;
But still she held it good,
That she would never bow her knee
To idols made of wood.
The Mass, the Host, the miracles,
Were made but to deceive ;
And Transubstantiation, too,
She never could believe.

A pretty maid, &c.

He went unto his clergyman,
And told him his sad tale:—
"My wife's an unbeliever, sir,—
Try if you can prevail.
You say you can work miracles:
She says it is absurd.
Convert her and convince her,
And great is your reward."

A pretty maid, &c.

The priest went with this gentleman
As he thought to gain a prize,
He says, I will convert your wife,
And open both her eyes.
And when he came into the house,
The husband loudly cried:—
"The Priest has come to dine with us."
"He's welcome!" she replied.

A pretty maid, &c.

The dinner being over,
The Priest he then began
To explain unto the lady
The sinful state of man:—
"The kindness of Our Saviour,
No Christian can deny.
He gave Himself a sacrifice
And for our sins did die."

A pretty maid, &c.

"I will return to-morrow:
Prepare some bread and wine;
I will dispense the sacrament
To satisfy your mind;"
"I'll bake the cake," the lady said.
"You may," replied he;
"And when this miracle you've seen,
Convinced I'm sure you'll be."

A pretty maid, &c.

The priest he came accordingly;
The bread and wine did bless.
The lady asked:—"Sir, is it changed?"
His Reverence answered:—"Yes;
It's changed from real bread and wine
To real flesh and blood,
You may depend upon it,
It is the Very God."

A pretty maid, &c.

When having bless'd the bread and wine,
To eat they did prepare ;
The lady said unto the priest :—
"I'd have you to take care,
For one-half ounce of arsenic
I have mixed in the cake ;
But since you have its nature changed
It can no difference make."

A pretty maid, &c.

The priest he stood confounded,
And look'd as pale as death,
The bread and wine fell from his hands
And he did gasp for breath ;
"Bring me my horse," His Reverence cried,
"This is a cursed place,"
"Begone, begone !" the dame replied,
"You are a cursed race."

A pretty maid, &c.

Her husband sat dumfounded,
And not one word did say,
At length he spoke : "My dear" said he
"The priest has run away !
Such mummery and nonsense
No Christian can endure ;
I'll go with you and will renounce
The Babylonian W————."

A pretty maid a Protestant,
Was to a Papist wed ;
A member of our English Church,
She had been born and bred.

Toast.

May the dark mists of Popery be dispelled by the glorious light of the Gospel.

A MYSTIC SONG FOR THE ROYAL BLACK KNIGHTS.

Each worthy brother round the globe,
Come hither all, and lend an ear,
And read with care the few remarks,
That you will now find written here ;
While I the secret steps display,
The Israelites of old have trod,
Taking the Scriptures for my guide—
The sure, unerring Word of .

To Jacob first, we will proceed:
We find from him twelve tribes did spring,
To Padan-Aram he did go,
A wife from thence with him to bring;
And as he journeyed on his way,
A night he slept upon the ground,
He dreamed a ladder reached to heaven,
And angels walked up and down.

To Egypt Jacob then did go,
And there remained until he died;
In course of time, as you may read,
His seed was greatly multiplied.
The Egyptians did oppress them sore,
And tasked them, as we understand,
Till God sent Moses them to lead
From bondage to the Promised Land.

Through the Red Sea, as on dry land,
Moses did them in safety lead,
And in the wilderness, the Lord,
With manna did their number feed;
The Lord to Moses gave command,
To prepare an Ark straightway,
Wherein Aaron's rod, the manna pot,
Likewise the Ten Commandments lay.

Moses led them to Moab's plains,
And viewed from thence the Promised Land.
Upon a mountain top he died,
And was buried there by God's own hand;
Then Joshua Moses did succeed—
A man of courage, might and skill.
We are told by an inspired pen,
When Joshua prayed the sun stood still.

Then spies to Jericho were sent,
And on their way they quickly trudged,
Till they reached a harlot's house,
And there all night with her they lodged.
With stalks of flax on the house-top,
She did them privately conceal;
When it was night, and the gates were shut,
Her mind to them she did reveal,

"Your God is God in heaven above,
"And likewise on the earth beneath;
"We've heard his fame and are afraid—
"There's nought remains for us but death."
"Our lives for yours!" the men replied.
"If you our business do not tell,
"When we come back to take this town,
"All things with you shall then be well."

From the window then she let them down,
Safely with a scarlet line,
And in the window bound the same,
That it to them might be a sign
To spare her house when they returned,
And told all that had come to pass
To Joshua, who ordered them
The river Jordan straight to cross.

The priests the ARK of God did bear,
The great Jehovah was their guide ;
When their feet the waters touched,
The streams beat back on every side ;
From the bottom twelve stones they took,
And carried them on to dry ground,
Where in Gilgal, near Jericho,
There in a heap they will be found.

But Joshua died, as you may read,
And Israel's tribes they walked not right,
The Philistines oppressed them sore,
And challeng'd them oft times to fight !
A giant clothed in coat of mail,—
The great Goliath was his name,—
But none would fight with him that day,
'Till David who from Bethlehem came.

Then to the brook Kedron he went,
And five small stones from thence he choose,
When with his shepherd's sling and staff,
To meet Goliath strait he goes ;
Then Saul says to him :—Go thy way ;
And the Lord, He will be with thee still,
I will enrich and make thee free,
If thou this Philistine do kill.

Then David to Goliath said :—
"Come let us now the battle try ;
The armies of the living God,
Oft times this day thou didst defy."
Then he took a stone and cast it at him,
When it sunk deep into his forehead,
Upon the ground Goliath fell,
And the Philistines instantly fled.

Now brethren, dear, ere I conclude,
I will you earnestly advise
To shun the path that leads to pain,
Always striving to be wise ;
That when the Archangel's trumpet sounds,
And cries that time shall be no more,
And Israel's tribes receive the seal,
Your joys may *last* for evermore.

Toast.

To the man that carried his spade, rake, and shovel, his compass square, and trowel, and wash'd his feet in the dew of Heaven.

KING WILLIAM AND QUEEN MARY.

AIR: "*Highland Mary.*"

Come ! all ye loyal Protestants, and listen to my story,
I'll sing of King James on the British throne. He was raised to pomp and glory,
Until Popery he espoused, and served the cause sincerely,
But Providence sent William o'er, to marry his daughter Mary.

When darkness o'erspread these lands, by a fierce persecution,
The Protestants soon formed a plan, to effect a revolution ;
The Prince of Orange was the man whom Protestants loved dearly,
An invitation he received, to come and bring his Mary.

Prince William landed at Torbay, on the fourth day of November,
It being on his natal day, let Protestants remember ;
Shouts of joy did rend the sky, as the Prince was loved most dearly,
Welcome, England's future king ? with thy Royal Consort, Mary !

"Sad news ! sad news !" the Papists cried, "the Orange Prince is landed,
He's marching forth with his Orange tribe, and we'll shall be disbanded."
James ran away, he would not stay, he fled to France right early,
Where he began to rue the day, he gave William his daughter Mary.

To London William went with speed, to accept the situation,
To be our king in James' stead, and rule the British nation ;
For James had fled and left the throne, and William won it fairly,
Through London streets they did proclaim, King William and Queen Mary.

To God above the praise we'll give, who caused the revolution,
And gave to us an Orange King to defend the Constitution ;
And when we meet in our lodge room, whether it be late or early,
In solemn silence we will toast, King William and Queen Mary.

Toast.

Here's to William of Nassau,
Who disenthroned his father-in-law,
And with his consort crossed the sea,
That Britain's sons might all be free.

T. R.

THE FATE OF ANDY SWAN.

Assist me now, ye muses ! and lend me no excuses,
My weak mind's confused, more than my pen demand,
You loyalists awake from slumber : now, Orangemen, I wonder,
There was none to take their number who murdered Andy Swan.

His neighbours had conspired, and wicked men they hired,
And Satan raised their ire against this worthy man ;
They dragged him from his bed, his precious blood they shed,
To see it made them glad—flowing from Andy Swan.

He stood awhile and mused, his mind it was confused,
But when mercy they refused, he answered like a man :
" William's laws I will maintain, while blood flows in my veins,
" And for that glorious name I'll die," said Andy Swan.

"Hold your tongue, you base pretender, we hate that bold Defender,
" But your due to you we'll render—we know you every man ;
" While we by night do wander, our friends with lies you slander,
" Now we have the real commander, Orange Andy Swan."

They tied him to a "thorn," his head they did adorn,
While they poured out their scorn upon this worthy man,
With sticks and stones they beat him, and cruelly did treat him,
Their gaze his bowels meeting, our hero, Andy Swan.

One of them got up and swore, he could bear one hundred more,
Then they gave to him five score, to complete their hellish plan ;
Their rage somewhat abated, their thirst for blood being sated,
With joy their hearts elated o'er the fate of Andy Swan.

Their murderous work being through, this base, infernal crew,
Off like lightning flew, and left him hanging by one arm ;
Until one compassion found, who came back and cut him down,
And left him lying on the ground, expiring—Andy Swan.

Then homewards he was brought, and the best of doctors sought,
When all their skill was wrought . he lived twenty days and one ;
His friends did all assemble, which made his foes to tremble,
And his brethren's tears did mingle, as they buried Andy Swan.

In the grave his ashes lie, still his blood for vengeance cry,
Unto Him who rules on high, who formed the true plan ;
I mean now to give o'er, of him I'll write no more,
But we ever will deplore the loss of Andy Swan.

Toast.

May his ashes, which are now mingled with the dust, like other departed brethren, be revered by all Orangemen.

DANIEL O'CONNELL IN PURGATORY.

HAVE you not heard the Scripture saith,
How, some departing from the faith,
Receive their doctrines from beneath,
Forbidding you to marry ?

Now, this is Rome, the mystic whore,
Who keeps the keys of heaven's door,
And deals in dead men's bones demure,
By Popish purgatory.

Doctor Miley, he hath said
When Dan, the "Irish King," was dead,
Angels were waiting at his head,
His soul to heaven to carry.

Maynooth and Rome, they formed a plan
To rob the angels of old Dan—
The "Kerry Boy," we understand,
Whom they hold in purgatory.

Despatches from the Pope have come
To all the priests of mystic Rome,
To change or alter poor Dan's doom—
His soul from thence to carry,

Commanding them to celebrate
High Mass throughout the Church of late,
His precious soul to extricate
Out from this purgatory.

Ye Papists! gather up your pence;
You know he's waiting in suspense—
Your Liberator, bring from hence!
No longer let him tarry.

Your Dan, that pleaded for Repeal,
Is bearing now Peg Tantrim's flail.
Pay up! ye sons of Granuwail;
Your King's in Purgatory.

The heretics, they cannot tell
About this gulf 'twixt heaven and hell,
Where Dives did for water yell,
But none to him would carry.

But Rome has made it more complete:
They have holy oil to grease their feet,
And holy water if its mete,
For Dan in Purgatory.

Think on your King and for him pray,
He agitated night and day;
Like Balaam's Ass aloud did bray,
'Gainst Aughrim, Boyne and Derry.

On walls of clay, of brick and stone,
He pictur'd Death's head and cross-bones,
Ye Foigaballach's, how he groans!
He's heard from Purgatory.

To Bernard he bequeath'd his soul,
His body to the Irish mould,
His heart to Rome, that was the whole,
His head a wig did carry.

He's looking now to every part,
Where he gave body, soul and heart,
Oh, bring your cash, and you will start,
The old Fox from Purgatory.

Oh, hard's his fate if he must stay,
Like other beggarmen, I say,
For gratis prayers on All Saints day,
Oh, let that never carry.

Sell Scapulars, Crosses, Cords and Beads,
And all green sashes and cockades;
All Irish-men now lend your aid,
For Dan in Purgatory.

The priests say they can bind and loose,
In heaven or hell, just as they choose,
The papist that dares to refuse,
To pay to her sanctuary.

They'll curse with candle book and bell,
Those poor blind dupes deserve it well,
That let Peg Tantrim's flail pell-mell,
Thresh Dan in purgatory.

Now Stowel Grey, and Hugh McNeil,
May churches build 'gainst Granuwaile,
While Rome's the head, Maynooth's the tail,
Their projects will not carry.

'Twas braying, blustering, boasting Dan,
When travelling to the "holy land!"
That lost the tr[illegible] his merits scan'd,
He's now in Purgatory.

Here's books and bags for my son John,
For in agitation he'll go on,
And chase the Saxons every one,
From Tara's hill to Derry.

He'll drive all heretics abroad,
They have no right to the holy sod,
As they will not eat the "wafer"—God,
Or believe in purgatory.

Before my song comes to a close,
Here's a flowing health to those
Undaunted boys, who faced their foes,
The 'Prentice boys of Derry.

Let all true brethren with me join—
Toast of Derry, Aughrim and the Boyne,
Where we received the pass and sign,
To walk o'er purgatory.

DOLLY BRAE.

AIR: "*Croppies, lie down!*"

On the twelfth of July, in the year forty-nine,
Some rebels together thought fit to combine
A few Orange heroes to murder and slay,
Assembled in thousands around Dolly's Brae.

Derry down, down, down! Derry down.

For years have some statesmen conceded to those
Who at heart are dark Papists and Britain's worst foes.
Their impudence risen, they dared for to say
That our Orangemen should not pass o'er Dolly's Brae.

Derry down, &c.

From March forty-nine they had plotted and schemed,
As often before, for the traitors had deemed
As at Crossgar they could murder and slay
And slaughter our Orangemen at Dolly's Brae.

Derry down, &c.

McDowall, your innocent blood rose on high,
And the God of your fathers regarded your cry;
The treacherous dogs who killed you that day
On the twelfth were defeated at famed Dolly's Brae.

Derry down, &c.

But vengeance is mine, and our God is still true;
He has often supported the Orange and Blue,
Enniskillen, and Aughrim, and Boyne still can say
That our forefathers conquered as at Dolly's Brae.

Derry down, &c.

No more shall those rebels attempt to subdue
Our veterans of loyal true Orange and Blue.
No more dare to stop us, or point out the way;
That we'll march, colours flying, o'er famed Dolly Brae.

Derry down, &c.

Then here's great success to the true Orange cause,
Our Queen, gallant Roden and Protestant laws,
And let famed Dolly Brae, where false dogs got their fill.
Be remembered forever, as King William's Hill.

Derry down, &c.

Toast.

To the memory of Lord Roden, the Messrs. Beers and others, who fought and conquered at Dolly's Brae.

THE WONDROUS PROPHET.

[Composed for the "Grand Black Knights of the Camp of Israel," by THOMAS REID.]

When Ahab over Israel reigned,
A wicked king was he;
Jehovah's glory was profaned
By his idolatry,
He did much evil to provoke
The wrath of the Most High,
And how God's vengeance him o'ertook
The Scriptures testify.

The Lord a wondrous Prophet raised,
Elijah was his name,
Who told the king that for his sins
He shortly would be slain.
The king enraged, did seek his death,
When to the woods he fled,
Where, by the Providence of God,
He was by ravens fed.

Then Ahab in revengeful thought
A wife unto him took,
Daughter of Ethbal, named Jezebel,
Who Elijah's life oft sought,
Who with her husband in a grove
More did the Lord provoke
Than all Israel's kings that reigned before,
And His holy laws had broke.

A holy command the Lord then gave,
To Elijah in this strain:
"Go tell the king that for three years,
There will be neither dew nor rain.
And after that, quick steer a course,
Strait eastward you must go,
Unto a brook, near Jordan's banks,
Pure water there does flow."

Elijah in God's strength did speed,
Unto the brook he came,
There being no night, all things seem'd bright,
As in a mighty flame:
Both bread and meat in plenteous store,
Upon its banks so fair,
Supplied each day, tho' strange to say,
By ravens through the air.

Some years, some months, and some odd days,
Elijah there did dwell,
Sustained in strength by God's command,
No ills him there befell:
Out of the brook, oft' times he took
A drink, when he was dry,
While Ahab in vain for want of rain
To his false God did cry.

In course of time, the brook dried up,
No water could be found,
When lo! these words to Elijah's ears,
In Heavenly notes, came down:
Arise in haste! time do not waste,
To Zarephath repair,
A widow sweet, you there will meet,
That must sustain thee there.

In haste the City gates he sought,
When to his great surprise,
The widow aged, gathering of sticks,
On him she rais'd her eyes:
He being faint from journeying far,
He mild to her did say:
"Bring me some water, and some bread:
The Lord will thee repay."

"My scanty store of food's near gone,
As the Lord thy God doth live,
Of meal I've but one handful left,
Or some to thee I'd give;
A little oil that's in a cruse,"
She uttered with a sigh,
"To cook it for my son and me.
That we may eat and die."

Then Elijah to the widow said:
"Fear not a cake to make;
First bring it with some oil to me,
God you will not forsake?
And after serve thy son and thee;
My words are not in vain,
Your stores won't fail, but will prevail,
Till earth's watered by the rain."

After many days, as you may read,
Word to Elijah came,
To show himself to Ahab,
And God's wondrous works proclaim;
To challenge Baalam's prophets false
Their doctrines to defend,
He did essay, prepared straitway,
Mount Carmel to ascend.

When he God's holy mount ascended,
He to the people cried :
"Bring hither all your chieftains
Who have God's holy laws defied !
When in presence of your prophets
A test sacrifice we'll call,
And the God that answereth by fire,
Let Him be Lord of all."

The united sacrifice prepared,
Of bullock's flesh then slain,
Baal's worshippers cried to their god
Their cause for to maintain ;
From morning until noontide
To their false god did they cry,
But there was none who answered,
Or none that did reply.

With weapons keen, as may be seen,
Their mangled bodies sore,
Through self-inflicted wounds and scars,
Lay weltering in their gore !
Yet until the evening sacrifice
They pray'd aloud to Baal,
Still he pitied not their anguish,
Nor regarded yet their call.

Then Elijah to the people said :
"Come near to me, I pray,
And the mighty works of Israel's God
I'll show to you this day ;"
He repaired the broken altar,
And with twelve stones rais'd the same—
Number of the tribe's of Jacob's sons—
Saying, "Israel is thy name."

The Altar being raised,
And in order piled some wood,
A bullock cut in pieces small.
Elijah saw 'twas good ;
A trench dug deep, with water filled
Around the whole did flow ;
In attitude of prayer to heaven,
His spirits seemed to glow :

"O Lord my God ! I pray thee,
That these people's heart be turned
To bring them from their wicked ways ;
Let the Altar now be burned,
That they may know that Israel's God
Does always reign on high,
And hereafter raise their voice of praise,
And on Him to rely."

The wood, and stones, and sacrifice
The fire did soon consume,
And licked up the water in the trench.
None dared to presume;
The people gazed with terror great,
As when Aaron with his rod,
Flat on their face loud cried for peace:
"THE LORD HE IS THE GOD!"

Then Elijah unto Ahab said:—
"There is a sound of rain,
High up the mount I must ascend
Its cause to ascertain."
After seven times he stooped himself,
His face between his knees,
When a little cloud like a man's hand
He saw rising from the seas.

Then Elijah sent his servant
The king for to forewarn,
For to prepare his chariot,
And flee the coming storm
Though clouds were dark, great rain did fall,
No harm did he feel,
For Elijah straightway conducted him
To his native town, Jezreel.

Then some time after this he went,
As you may plainly see,
Journeying in the wilderness he sat
Under a shady tree,
While praying to his God for death
O'ercome, fell fast asleep,
When lo! an angel touched him,
And bade him rise and eat.

When he awoke he found a cake,
And water by his side,
And having twice refreshed himself,
Unto his God he prayed,
And with that food for forty days,
The Wilderness he trod,
Till he rested at Mount Horeb,
Which is the Mount of God.

Ye "Royal Knights of Israel's Camp!"
One word to you I'd say,
To imitate Elijah still,
In conduct, night and day,
Who to his God by constant prayer,
In Scripture we are told,
May you all like he then raised be,
In chariots of gold.

Now to conclude and finish
This Elijah's bright career,
To follow through his life quite true,
It will your hearts all cheer.
As you sing this in your lodge rooms,
I wish you all God speed:
I'll rewarded be, as you may see.
Your brother, Thomas Reid.

Toast.

The Royal Black Knights of the Camp of Israel: may they never forget the dark cloud that watered the earth, and Him that first saw it!

THE MURDER OF McBRIARS.

Ye noble sons of William, whose principles are pure,
Be on your guard, both day and night, and keep yourselves secure;
Be on your guard both day and night—attend to what I say;
For midnight murderers lie in wait your lives to take away.

On one Tuesday night in the month of April,
He went into a tavern some hours to beguile
With a true and faithful comrade belonging to the Cause,
Who said that he would ne'er desert King William's name or laws.

He was a member of our band of honour and great fame;
He was Master of an Orange Lodge—McBriars was his name.
By Popish schemes he was brought to an untimely grave,
When no kind Protestant was near his precious life to save.

Nothing but jokes were in his head, no harm was in his mind.
But he happened to talk too loud the way his heart inclined,
And for this the villains swore, and kept their promise good,
To wash their hands before they'd sleep that night in Orange blood.

He had little thought when he left home upon that fatal morn,
His children three would orphans be—he nevermore return;
One of his comrades said to him: "Come home and sleep with me."
"Oh no," he kindly answered, "my wife does wait for me."

He was an old and feeble man, not able to resist,
And for this reason these rebels vile carried out their oath;
When they came unto a lonely place, where none could hear him cry,
With his heart's blood, these murderers, the very stones did dye.

Hard and brutal were their hearts who did this wicked deed,
Because he would not receive their vile Popish creed.
But harder still was that woman's heart who upon him closed the door,
When for his children's sake that night, for mercy did implore.

The rain in torrents fell; but Oh! it fell in vain,
The blood of the innocent next morning did remain;
It was not black, like rebel's blood: 'twas clear and bright,
Which show'd McBriars did belong unto the cause that's right.

To Newtownards, with their sore hearts, his bleeding corpse they bore,
Attended by a trusty few, that Orange colours wore;
It would have made an Indian's tears in torrents down to flow
To see his orphans weeping at their father's overthrow.

The Sunday of his funeral our brave Orangemen
Assembled all together in numbers thousands ten,
And Papists at this glorious sight quaked with fear and dread,
To see our brethren march that day with nobles at their head.

Now, to conclude and finish, I'll end as I began;
Be on your guard day and night, and murdering Papists shun;
They never could, as yet be brought, to meet us man to man,
But as they served McBriars they'd serve each Orangeman.

Toast.

To the death knell of Popish practices and Romish intolerance.

THE CHOSEN FEW.

When Israel's host to Jordan came,
Led by Jehovah's hand,
They safely cross'd that ancient stream,
As it were, upon dry land;
Old Levi's tribe they bore the ark—
First stepp'd into the flood,
Until the people had pass'd oer,
The swelling waters stood.

Then of the tribes, two and a half—
Nigh forty thousand men—
With sword and spear, and warlike staff,
They march'd from out the glen;
On, on they went, no thought of fear,
For Jehovah was their guide,
'Till they gain'd the Land of Promise,
On Jordan's eastern side.

And Joshua, by God's command,
From each tribe a man he took,
To carry to the chosen land,
Twelve stones from out the brook;
Then on their shoulders each did raise
From the river's bed a stone,
To raise an altar to His praise
Who chose them for His own.

Twelve stones they took that they might mark,
The place where, firm and dry,
Had stood the men that bore the Ark
As Israel's host passed by;
The Ark with purple overspread,
Contain'd the Law of God,
A pot of Manna—Heavenly bread—
With Aaron's budding rod.

Again, when Popish James arose,
And wicked men did join;
Again triumphant o'er their foes,
Truth's heroes cross'd the Boyne;
And their foes, as when Joshua led
The tribe's to Canaan's shore,
So perjured James from William fled,
Subdued to rise no more.

Toast.

To the tree that grew in the lake, and sweetened the waters for Israel's sake.

THE PROTESTANT BOYS.

Ye Protestant boys! let your spirits arise,
And boldly unite in our brave Orange cause,
And show those croppies who wish to stop us,
And strive to make you adhere to their laws—
I say, let them see you can live and be free;
Then fly to your colours, and cheerfully join.
No Britain should shun them: our forefathers won them,
Amidst slaughter and blood on the banks of the Boyne.

How many, I ask, have forgotten that day?
How many we see if we only look round!
Yet how must they feel? Must their hearts be like steel,
When they think how their sires were felled to the ground
By rebels and traitors, those vile agitators,
Who thought every Protestant vein to run dry,
But William the Third with his men and his sword
Put the rebels to flight on the 12th of July.

Then who should be loath or afraid to come forth,
And our bright loyal colours of Orange display,
In commemoration of those who served our nation?
Oh, who would not celebrate that glorious day!
I say, to his shame, he's not worthy the name
Of a Protestant subject, but him we'll deny
That would not come forth and stop Popery's growl,
And wear Orange colours on the 12th of July.

Toast.

Our Protestant Representatives in both Houses of Parliament.

THE TRUE BORN SONS OF LEVI.

Ye royal brethren ! who would wish
To promulgate the art divine ;
Repair to our encampment straight
And there receive degrees sublime.

For we are the true born sons of Levi.
None on earth to us can compare ;
We wear the black and scarlet garter,
And on our left breast a blazing star.

When pious men in after ages,
Who held the faith of Christ in view ;
Assisted by those reverend sages,
Whose professions were to sub lue.

For we are, &c.

The blood-thirsty Turk and heathen
Our blessed regions did infest ;
By the people of the tribe of Levi,
Of their strongholds were disposs'd.

For we are, &c.

Straightway arose a martial band
Of warlike heroes, just and true !
With the sword of justice in their hand,
And colours crimson, black and blue.

For we are, &c.

There were Templars, Knights, and Knights of Malta,
Who came forth in glittering armour clad,
Assisted by the good Prince Godfrey,
For to protect the holy land.

For we are, &c.

With martial zeal I then was fired,
A Knight Templar I wished to be ;
For the subversion of the heathen,
I joined that bright community.

For we are, &c.

In pilgrim's weeds I then was dressed,
And in homely garb myself arrayed,
To join the army of the blest,
Immediately to God I prayed.

For we are the true-born Sons of William,
None on earth to us can compare ;
We are the root and branch of David,
The bright and glorious "Morning Star."

That He would grant me His favour,
His promises both sure and great;
When lo! these words occurred to me:
"Enter thou in at yon straight gate."

For we are, &c.

"For broad's the way that leads to ruin,
And many are that go therein;
But enter thou at yon bright temple,
Which is the most secure from sin."

For we are, &c.

With trembling steps I slow advanced,
And knocked there both loud and shrill,
When lo! a knight in glittering armour
He asked of me what was my will.

For we are, &c.

After some questions he proposed,
And which I answered with some fear;
He says: "If you are Turk or heathen,
You shall not really enter here."

For we are, &c.

But said: "If you believe the Gospel,
And support the faith as I have done,
I will lead you now into our temple,
When you'll see the New Jerusalem."

For we are, &c.

A flaming sword he placed in my hand,
And with it I intend to fight
Against the enemies of the Holy Land,
And to maintain a Christian's right.

For we are, &c.

Through rugged ways he then led me:
Twelve lights I saw after some toil,
And in one of them I found a flaw,
And instantly put out its oil.

For we are, &c.

An old Sir Knight at length appeared,
Who was in glorious raiment dressed.
The heavenly charges there he gave me,
Which lie secure within my breast.

For we are, &c.

The cross and star placed on your breast,
With justice gird your loins around,
And still remember the twelve stones.
On Jordan's banks they're always found.

For we are, &c.

With justice and sincerity,
Ordained by our great Lord's command ;
With fortitude and bravery,
Connected Templars we do stand.

For we are, &c.

Give God due praise night and morning—
Then as it was, as it was heretofore ;
Then as it was in the days of old,
And shall be so for evermore.

For we are, &c.

Knights ! join hands in social manner,
From your Grand Master so ever known.
Fight under our Redeemer's banner !
Consider what for us he has done.

His sacred blood freed us from danger,
Though much for you it may suffice.
On the land now o'errun by a stranger,
For us he died a sacrifice.

For we are the true-born sons of William,
None on earth to us can compare ;
We are the root and branch of David—
The bright and glorious Morning Star.

Toast.

That every Black Knight in the universe may be guided through the straight gate, there to enjoy everlasting happiness in the heavenly Jerusalem.

THE GATES OF LONDONDERRY.

AIR: *The Death of Nelson.*

On Derry's walls once stood a gallant few,
Whom famine, war, or death could not subdue;
Long raged the siege, yet still each bold defender,
Gave up the ghost, and sigh'd out, "NO SURRENDER!"

'Twas when the wintry blast,
Its chilly horrors cast,
In gloomy dark December.
There came with vaunting boast,
King James and all his host,
Crying, "Derry, now surrender!"

But vain was all their Popish arts:
The gates were shut by gallant hearts,
Who shouted, "we don't fear you!"
Then hail to those who linked their fates,
The 'Prentice Boys who closed the gates—
The gates of Londonderry.

Now lightning flashed around,
And quick the balls did bound.
Above the embattled wall.
Red war with fiery breadth,
Cast pestilence and death,
Whilst gallant men did fall.

But vain was all their cannons flash.
Poor popish James could not dash,
Those hearts with hope so cheery.
Then hail to those who link'd their fates—
The 'Prentice Boys who shut the gates,
The gates of Londonderry.

Though famine's wolfish tooth,
Prey'd on both age and youth,
Tho' sceptre-like they walk'd.
Serene they looked the while,
Though ghastly was that smile,
Which James's fury baulk'd.

Tho' war and hunger filled the grave,
Their hopes were still that God would save
Those hearts now sad and dreary.
Then hail to those who link'd their fates—
The 'Prentice Boys who shut the gates,
The gates of Londonderry.

At length when Death has spread
His black wings o'er each head
With war, with want, and toil,
Now hopes their minds employ,
The gallant ship "Mountjoy"
Came bounding o'er Lough Foyle.

With swelling sail and towering mast,
The boom is broken, the danger's past,
And now, brave hearts, be merry!
Then hail to those who link'd their fates—
The 'Prentice Boys who shut the gates,
The gates of Londonderry.

Toast.

May no Orangemen in future ever be compelled to taste an equally bitter apple of affliction.

A FAREWELL DITTY TO THE ORANGEMEN OF LIVERPOOL.

BY THOMAS REID.

Ye Liverpool brethren, I crave your attention,
To a greeting farewell that springs forth from my heart;
Tears of sorrow I shed as your names I oft mention,
And think of the enjoyments your lodge rooms impart.

Where the laws of bold Joshua, with Hiram and others,
Of God's chosen leaders oft I heard defined;
To be once more amongst you, my dear Orange brothers,
Though fate now forbids it, yet my heart's inclined.

In thus saying farewell and the hard word must utter,
A number of friends quickly spring to my view,
They are true Orange heroes, of both shores of the Mersey,
And Rome's mandates in legions from their presence oft flew.

The first on the list is, Ball, Jervis, and Thomas,
Who were always found ready when honour did call,
They stepp'd forth with candour and caused foes to surrender,
And through them "mock funerals" first met their downfall.

The next in review is brave Sixsmith and Harper,
With numbers of others—I can't well think of all;
They'd all fight for the cause and need never surrender,
While they obey their old leader, whose name is Tom Hall.

I still fancy I see his clear features approaching,
At the head of the brethren as near them I drew ;
Like a true son of Levi home safely he brought them,
Each man dress'd in colours of orange and blue.

Equally so do I think of brave Sixsmith with pleasure,
He's a jolly good fellow : your hearts he'd soon cheer,
If you felt very dry into Cook's he'd conduct you,
And soon quench your thirst, with a pint of good beer.

So now, then, farewell ! I must quick fill a bumper,
Of genuine good whiskey and drink to you all ;
In a toast may we meet o'er the banks of the Jordan,
Where Popery's not known and where tears never fall.

Once more, then, farewell, my dear brethren I bid you,
With your wives and your little ones, many a score ;
May health, peace and plenty, in abundance flow round you,
Is the prayer of Tom Reid and he cannot say more.

But although he's adopted Columbia's great nation,
As his future home, yet his heart is still the same ;
He'll still favour his friends with a true Orange ditty,
In support of the cause and brave King William's name.

Toast.

To the brethren of the Loyal Orange Institution of Great Britain, who were the first to put down the "Mock Funerals" of Fenian murderers.

THE BLACK MAN'S MAKING.

One night I left my native home,
And to my lodge room went,
My brethren were all sitting there,
And seem'd to be content ;
Soon one request I made of them,
If they would grant to me
Another step along the road,
That leads to liberty.

When I began the mount to climb—
"Mount Horeb" was its name—
I saw a bush was burning bright,
And in a mighty flame !
When I beheld the mighty blaze,
I knew not what to say ;
I then went to "Mount Carmel," like
Old prophets for to pray.

And when my prayers were ended,
  Out of the East did rise
A little cloud like a man's hand,
  Which did me much surprise!
The next command given to me was
  My chariot to prepare,
With speed I drove along the way
  Like eagles through the air.

Then when I to Golgotha went,
  To drink a health to all,
The toast went round, my name was found,
  Sirs,—brethren, we are all!
Then straight to Jericho I went,
  As Joshua gave command.
It was my business when there
  To view the promis'd land.

And soon the king sent after me,
  In order to take my life,
When a woman did preserve me,
  That was neither "Maid nor Wife;"
Out of a window by a scarlet line,
  She gently let me down,
And went straight into a garden,
  And there my brethren found.

Now to conclude and finish,
  Keep Joseph in your minds,
Through all your weary travels,
  You left him not behind;
I'm sure he was a man of God,
  He interpreted the king's dream,
I wish you all true brethren,
  Ever steady to remain.

Toast.

To those who went up six times and saw nothing, but when they went up the seventh time both heard and saw.

ENGLAND'S ANSWER.

Up! every English heart and hand,
  Up! loyal men and true;
For Rome would grasp this glorious land,
  And make—Aye, slaves of you!
The chains our fathers nobly burst,
  Three hundred years ago,
Shall we, their sons, in freedom nurs'd,
  Break out in thunder—No!

We've felt enough of Romish rule,
In days, I trow, gone by ;
We know right well that tender school,
Whose martyr-fires blazed high ;
We know these pampered cardinals,
Their principles and pride.
We want no Wolsey's in our halls,
To have our Queen defied.

No monks, no beads, no gods will we ;
No Mass, no muttered prayer,
We'll have our English Liturgy
Out-read, that all may hear ;
We've felt too long, Rome's antic tricks—
Too long endured her dross.
What need have we of crucifix,
Whose standard is the cross ?

I say, up ! every Englishman,
'Twas time you did, I wot,
The Pope may rule the Vatican,
But England he shall not ;
Tell him to Rome we will not bow ;
Her thunders we defy,
That freemen have we lived till now ;
That freemen we will die.

Tell him though once he dared to place,
His foot on England's neck,
And held, to England's foul disgrace,
The kingdom at his beck ;
And now, alike from thrall and throne,
This is the answer given—
England will bend her knee alone,
To England's Queen, and Heaven.

One faith, one truth, one law, one queen,
One heart for all have we,
And ne'er shall pope or priest I ween,
Their type or tyrant be :
Aye, we defy to work us harm,
The proudest pope e'er trod,
While these are ours—our own right arms,
Our Bible and our God.

Toast.

The Bible, the Religion of Protestants.

THE ORANGEMEN'S RESOLVE.

We stand before Heaven, a true band united,
As men on whose souls is the strength of the Lord ;
Not the brand of the slave, who submits to be slighted—
To be used or abused, as the despots accord ;
No ! we stand on our rights, and we vote to maintain them ;
We know them, and therefore let invaders beware ;
For as Heaven endowed us with power to retain them,
No traitor or tyrant to wrest them shall dare.

We look to the past and behold tribulation,
As Rome's blood-stained minions sent forth their decree—
When, true to their faith, to their name, to their nation,
Our forefathers died that their sons might be free ;
And now shall we strike to the foeman at pleasure,
Our colors of Orange, of Purple, and Blue,
Or cravenly yield up that blood-purchased treasure
Bequeathed by the noble, heroic, and true ?

Ye sons of great sires ! with the "Grand Mark" before you,
Stand fast in that bond whose great seal is above,
Look up ! there's a bow in the cloud that hangs o'er you—
An emblem of promise, faith, freedom, and love ;
Should the storm now burst forth that expediency genders,
And the hoarse voice of tyranny sound through each vale,
As freemen we'll march to our loud "No surrender !"
And the Saxon shall join in the song of the Gael.

The hills of old Down shall re-echo its numbers,
And Antrim's blue peaks send them back to the waves,
And Britons aroused from their long dreary slumbers
Shall rally, determined no more to be slaves ;
Then ne'er shall we yield to down-trodden minions,
Bound fast to the stake under Antichrist's laws,
But heedless of traitors' new-fangled opinions,
We'll stand fast for the faith and the old Orange cause.

There's a sure day of judgment for nations unfaithful,
To truth and to honor—to God's holy trust,
And vengeance o'ertakes them, red-handed and scathful,
And will mingle their greatness with slavery's dust ;
'Tis ours, then, to defend our bulwarks of freedom,
Spite of hypocrite's smile and time-server's frown,
And furnishing our Queen gallant hearts, should she need them,
To save from being sullied one gem of her crown.

In the might of that truth which has liberty given ;
With faith in that promise in Heaven decreed ;
By the memory of those who in days past have riven,
The cold chains of slavery that bound them unfreed—

Together we'll stand, in the dark hour of danger,
Defending the rights our great principles involve,
Regardless of foes, whether rebel or stranger ;
And this is the Orangeman's final resolve.

Toast.

May the broom of Orangeism sweep treason and idolatry from our land.

THE ORANGE APRON.

AIR: "*Fare you well Kileevey.*"

As Bill and Tom were walking
One morning in the month of May,
And like two comrades talking,
William unto Tom did say :—
" One question I will put to you ;
I know you'll answer me what's true :
What makes you wear that apron ?
With your Orange ribbons trimmed with blue ? "

Before I was permitted,
I applied at Wisdom's door,
And asked to be admitted,
Though I was naked, blind and poor,
They told me to kneel down and pray
The paths of virtue to pursue,
Preparing for my apron
With my Orange ribbons trimmed with blue.

A staff called Hope they gave to me,
And taking it in my right hand,
I travelled through the Wilderness
On my way to the Promised Land,
Through falls and highs, scourges and ties,
A noble work they made me do,
Preparing for my apron
With my Orange ribbons trimmed with blue.

Two brethren next conveyed me
To a river deep and wide,
For fear I should be cast away,
A friend stood near on either side,
But regardless of all danger,
What they laid down I did pursue,
Preparing for my apron
With my Orange ribbons trimmed with blue.

Then on my journey travelling,
Another friend accosted, me,
Who told to me great wonders
Declaring a great mystery ;
Though fire and smoke did me provoke,
The only hope I had in view,
Was to gain my apron,
With my Orange ribbons trimmed with blue.

Its having passed those stages,
I did see three heavenly lights,
And on them I did ponder,
It was there I first received my sight ;
With a Royal Arch I was enclasped,
A noble army in my view ;
It was there I got my apron,
With my Orange ribbons trimmed with blue.

So you see it is an emblem,
Of this wonderful great mystery ;
I prize it as a diadem,
For the honour it confers on me.
And every honest Protestant,
Who is both loyal, firm and true,
He ought to wear an apron,
With an Orange ribbon trimmed with blue.

Toast.

That every Protestant may become an Orangeman, and every Orangeman a Royal Arch Ark-Marksman.
T.R.

"NO SURRENDER!"

Awake ! ye Protestants, awake !
No longer in supineness slumber.
Your lives, your liberties at stake !
By monks and Jesuits without number ;
For lawless Jack and Popish Dan
Revile our holy faith's Defender.
Awake ! unite unto a man !
And let your cry be, "No Surrender !"

The bloody deeds of forty-one,
When cruel Popish persecution,
Did stain with gore the silver ban,
And strove to rend our Constitution,

On memory's table deep engraved,
'Twill never fade till death suspend her.
Awake! unite, ne'er be enslaved;
But let our cry be, "No Surrender!"

To Derry's walls direct your thoughts:
Behold the "Foyle" with crimson gory,
Where "'Prentice Boys" like lions fought,
To purchase for us Freedom's glory.
Shall we those blood-bought trophies yield—
Relinquish Freedom, or defend her?
Forbid it, Heaven! No: take the field,
And let our cry be, "No Surrender!"

The blood-stained date of ninety-eight
Demands our serious contemplation—
What blood was spilled, what thousands killed,
What murder and assassination?
Our widowed dames expired in flames,
On pikes their helpless orphans tender.
Awake! unite unto a man,
And let your cry be, "No Surrender!"

The Orange blood that stained the Boyne,
When William led our sires to action,
Calls from the ground, to arms to join,
Ye Protestants, yield no subjection!
For the Church of Rome does once more cry,
She will murder all who won't befriend her;
Awake! unite for William's right,
And let your cry be "No surrender!"

Though as the stars her numbers be,
Let not her boasted strength retard you,
Think on Gideon's chosen three,
The Arm that guarded them will guard you;
For Rome shall fall, and so shall all
Who in her strength their service lend her;
I AM hath said: "Be not afraid,"
But let your cry be "No surrender!"

In Daniel's sacred visions read,
And also in the Revelations,
How many thousand saints must bleed,
Before Rome's final condemnation.
In fifty-five she will get a rise,
Finds, forty months and two shall bend her,
But in sixty-six, she sinks, she dies—
So let your cry be "No surrender!"

Toast.

The downfall of Rome and "No surrender." T. R.

THE ROYAL PURPLE MARKSMAN.

Come all my worthy brethren, in concert all around,
Who have joined in our social band, our enemies to confound ;
And I'll tell you of a secret, perhaps you do not know ;
So if you want to see the light, another step you'll go.

Another step you'll go,
Another step you'll go ;
So if you want to see the light,
Another step you'll go.

I hearing of a secret, and wishing for to see,
I inquired of a brother if admitted I could be ;
He said : My dearest Brother, its that you soon shall know,
If you answer me one question before that you do go.

Before that you do go, &c.

Were ever you in darkness, or crossed Jordan's streams,
Or can you relate to me what the ARK it contains ?"
I answered him right quickly, for that I could do so,
Then he gave to me a password, to try if I did know.

To try if I did know, &c.

The password being rehearsed, and its cause he did define,
He said he would announce me, to his brethren by a sign;
The password being rehearsed, and all was just and right,
Straightway he then prepared me, to see the brilliant light.

To see the brilliant light, &c.

He took me by the hand, and he led me to a door,
Where none could admitted be but those that are pure ;
Three gentle knocks he gave, when I bended on my knee,
When the answer was that no profane, admitted there could be.

Admitted there could be, &c.

He's no profane at all, my conductor he replied,
But a true and worthy brother, for I have him surely tried ;
He has cross'd o'er Jordan's streams, and likewise Moab's plains,
And is willing yet to travel, all our secrets to gain.

All our secrets to gain, &c.

A door then being opened, I was admitted in,
On rugged roads mysterious, my travels did begin—
With my pack upon my back, my staff in my right hand,
I travelled through the wilderness, all o'er the desert land.

All o'er the desert land, &c.

When I came unto Mount Horeb, I could not help but blush,
With terror great, I gazed upon the brilliant burning bush!
"Moses!" was the cry; and he answered, "here am I!"
Saying "Cast the shoes from off thy feet, before that you draw nigh."

Before that you draw nigh, &c.

Now when they asked of me, what was that in my right hand,
I said it was a rod that the Lord He did command—
Which when cast upon the ground, a serpent it became,—
I was almost affrighted for to take it up again.

For to take it up again, &c.

They also asked me from whence that I had came,
I answered them right meekly, and said: "from Midian's plain!"
"From the plains of Midian? What were you doing there?"
"I was feeding of Jethro's flock, which was all my care."

Which was all my care, &c.

"And where are you going?" they soft to me did say.
"Unto the land of Egypt; I'm now upon my way."
"Pray what's your mission, or what will you do there?"
"To free all my brethren that now in bondage are."

That now in bondage are, &c.

Then they brought me to a mount which I had to ascend,
In search of further secrets,—being led there by a friend!
When I attained my object, and to the top did climb,
Where there I got the secret words, that are so divine.

Words that are so divine, &c.

They were all standing round me, when I bended on my knee,
And what I stood in need of, was demanded straight of me.
I said: "It is the light I desire most to see."
Then they said: "My dearest brother! we will give it unto thee!"

We will give it unto thee, &c.

Great light around appeared, no darkness there had been,
When I gazed with amazement on all that I had seen!
So they fill'd me up a bumper, pledged in the mystic pot,
And they toasted to their brother, and the secrets he had got.

And the secrets he had got, &c.

Now we've travelled o'er this mysterious foreign land,
And may our new-born brother firm in the faith long stand,
And may the purple order by Marksmen be revered,
And when they prove the Orange true, with them it shall be shared.

With them it shall be shared, &c.

Toast.

May the Orange and Purple be ever triumphant. And success to all Purple Marksmen all over the globe.

THE BOYNE'S GREEN SIDE.

BY BRO. THOMAS REID, ENNISKILLEN L.O.L. 387.

[The following is one of the best Orange songs we have seen for years. The author says it is not easy to compose an Orange song—as all the different views of the subject have been worn threadbare. We think a few such songs as these would disprove his own assertion. The song can be sung to "Col. Verner," "Gramachree," "The Royal Arch Marksman," and several other good old airs.—*Royal Dominion.*]

One morning, in my youthful days, I along Boyne's banks did stray,
And thought of those who bled and died upon that glorious day,
When WILLIAM led his armies there, and James's hosts defied,
Their warlike cry arose on high upon the Boyne's green side.

CHORUS—So, my loving brethren, join with me, whatever may betide,
And loud proclaim KING WILLIAM'S name, as on the Boyne's green side.

With thoughts like these I sat me down to contemplate the scene,
The silver stream still rolled along its verdant banks so green;
A column bright soon caught my sight, built solid in the tide,
Brave Schomberg's name, I read the same upon the Boyne's green side.

Still looking farther on I saw a field that stood hard by,
Where Enniskillen's bravest sons gave many an anxious sigh;
To see so many brave men fall, tears down their cheeks did glide,
One rending cheer caught William's ear upon the Boyne's green side.

In mingled awe I thought I saw King William to them go;
"Brave Boys," said he, "come on with me, I'll lead you to the foe.
I never [illegible] moment thought Fermanagh could provide
Such a glorious sight, in armor bright, upon the Boyne's green side."

Both man and steed plunged in the stream with glittering sword in hand:
King James, amazed, with terror gazed upon this fearless band:
He says, "I'm off for Dublin, whatever will betide,
Since I must fall, I'll renounce all, upon the Boyne's green side."

Farewell! dear Boyne, and Erin's Isle, I'm for Ontario's shore;
My heart it bleeds to think of those I never may see more;
They're heroes true, who wear the Blue—but Orange is their pride—
They'll wear it still, and conquer will—as on the Boyne's green side.

Let Fenians boast their murderous toast, Canadian soil to stain,
With Orange blood, like to a flood, in rivers o'er the plain;
For British yeoman, as of yore, their popish yells defied,
And raised the Royal standard high, as on the Boyne's green side.

Once more, farewell I bid you! dear brethren of the isle;
May you meet each July morning, to exchange the happy smile—
To enjoy your trip, with staff and scrip—your loved ones by your side,
Will share the fun, for victory's won, upon the Boyne's green side.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF D'ARCY BOULTON, LATE G. M., ONT.

BY THOMAS REID.

He's gone! to his God departed, still on memory's page his name
Shall amongst all brethren foremost be, till we meet him again
Beyond death's gloomy desert, on yon golden shore of love,
Inside yon gates, salute us will in the Grand Lodge above.

He's gone! why do we mourn when we feel he still doth live?
An angel bright, in God's pure sight, who, his soul to him once gave—
To carry out, while on this earth, his just decrees of love,
And when finished all, that soul did call, to the Grand Lodge above.

His memory dear we'll long revere and cherish to the last,
And toast in solemn silence his deeds in days gone past;
When in furtherance of our Order, 'gainst winds and tides he strove,
In William's cause, still upheld the laws of the Grand Lodge above.

His departure from amongst us your hearts it grieved full sore,
The sudden death of one so loved, who many colours wore;
Beloved by all, 'til death's dread call, removed him like a dove—
Pure! to live and sing with Glory's King in the Grand Lodge above.

He's gone, he's gone and left us, yet we will no longer mourn,
Since he's only followed kindred spirits, who like him will ne'er return,
To greet us with their cheering smiles of tenderness and love,
There where no fears, no sighs, no tears, in the Grand Lodge above.

All honour to you, brethren of Ontario, I say,
Who nobly came the distances, your last respect to pay,
Unto your good Grand Master; his remains you bore in love,
With thousands great, in Orange state, to the Grand Lodge above.

Toronto will long remember, as all present well may know,
As its ancient streets slow traversed, o'er hardy frost and snow,
Men, with Orange colours bright, escorted him in love,
With Black, and Blue, and Scarlet, too, to the Grand Lodge above.

So brethren free, of each degree, your strongest friendship show,
To soothe his widow's aching heart, in sorrow here below,
Until she, too, be summoned to join him, her first love,
Where in glory bright, they'll re-unite in the Grand Lodge above.

O, then! when in Emmanuel's bowers, and walking side by side,
In presence of the Saviour, they'll embrace, both sanctified!
Surrounded by Archangels, the redeemed whom God most love,
Our D'Arcy Boulton will appear in the Grand Lodge above.

THE MAIDEN CITY.

AIR: *Le Petit Tambour.*

The Foyle his swelling waters rolls northward to the main;
Here the Queen of Erin's daughters, fair Derry, fixed her reign;
A holy temple crowned her, and commerce graced her streets;
A rampart wall was round her, the river at her feet;
And here she sat alone, boys! and looking from the hill,
Vowed a Maiden on her Throne, boys! should be a maiden still.

From Antrim's crossing over in famous eighty-eight,
A plumed and belted lover came to the ferry-gate,
She was summoned to surrender; our sires, a beardless race,
They shouted, "No surrender!" and slammed it in his face.
Then in a quiet tone, boys! they told him 'twas their will,
That the Maiden on her Throne, boys! should be a maiden still.

Next, crushing all before him, a kingly woer came,
The Royal banner o'er him blushed crimson deep for shame.
He showed the Pope's commission, nor dreamed to be refused,
She pitied his condition, but begged to be excused.
In short, the fact is known, boys! she chased him from the hill;
For the Maiden on her Throne, boys! would be a maiden still.

On our brave sires descended, 'twas then the tempest broke—
Their peaceful dwellings rending, 'mid blood, and flame, and smoke—
That hallowed grave-yard yonder swells with the hallowed dead.
O brothers! pause and ponder: it was for us they died.
And while the gift we won, boys! the fame that tops the hill,
O the Maiden on her Throne, boys! shall be a maiden still.

Nor wily tongues shall move us, nor tyrant's arm affright:
We'll look to One above us, who ne'er forsakes the right,
Who wills my crouch and tender, the birth-right of the free.
But, brothers, "No surrender!" no compromise for me!
We want no barrier stone, boys!—no gates to guard the hill,
Yet the Maiden on her Throne, boys! shall be a maiden still.

Toast.

To the Maiden Walls of Derry.

THE ORANGE YEOMANRY OF NINETY-EIGHT.

I am an humble Orangeman, my father, he was one,
The mantle which the sire once wore has fallen to the son!
He ranked with those who quelled their foes—the foes of Church and State.
The gallant Orange Yoemanry, who fought in ninety-eight.

The light which led their spirits on, o'er battle fields did shine,
Each breast was freedom's temple pure; each heart was freedom's shrine!
As sank the day in glorious ray, some sank, and bright their fate!
The gallant Orange Yeomanry, who fought in ninety-eight.

Behold the Orange peasant, or the Orange artisan!
Go view his home, observe his ways, you'll find it is his plan
Through woe or weal, with godly zeal true men to imitate,
Like the gallant Orange Yeomanry who fought in ninety-eight.

To guard the faith which Luther preached, the rights which William won,
Each Orangeman relies upon his Bible and his gun!
He prays for peace, yet war would face, should rebels congregate—
Like the gallant Orange Yeomanry, who fought in ninety-eight.

Who fears to speak of ninety-eight? This was the silly note,
Of one who was afraid to put his name to what he wrote!
He was afraid, they're all afraid, they know we'd gag their prate,
As did the Orange Yeomanry, who fought in ninety-eight.

In peace like silent watchful stars can Orangemen remain ;
In war their energies are like the surges of the main !
And each true hearted Orangeman would smile, though death await,
Like the gallant Orange Yeomanry, who fought in ninety-eight.

Toast.

To the Irish Orange Yeomen, who fought and conquered the rebels of ninety-eight.

T. R.

THE SHEPHERD'S BOY.

One night as I lay on my bed, I fell into a dream,
Some rugged paths I thought I trod, unto a sheepfold came !
Down by a brook, with scrip and crook, a youth I did espy,
I asked his name, from whence he came, he said, "a shepherd's boy."

The sheepfold being on the plain, near to a camp it lay,
The lovely lambs around their dams, did fondly sport and play !
The fields were green. all things I seen to me did yield much joy,
Seeing nothing there I could compare, to the young shepherd boy.

He got a pack, placed it on his back, a staff in his right hand,
"This very hour I must obey my Father's just command !"
I asked him where he was bound for, he made this quick reply:—
"To yonder camp I must repair, although a shepherd's boy."

"My brethren I must go and see ; they're fighting for their king,
This very hour their hearts I'll cheer,—glad tidings I'll them bring,"
I ask'd him how he could get there,—or climb yon mount so high,
"A mark" said he, "was left for me to guide the shepherd's boy."

When he came into the camp, he saw a terrible sight,
Two armies there they did prepare for to renew the fight ;
A man six cubits and a span, his brethren did defy.
Yet none in that place dare him face, but the young shepherd boy.

The king says :—"This Goliath fills our hearts with grief and woe ;
And whoever does this monster kill, shall be my son-in-law,"
"Then I will go, and lay him low !" the youth he did reply.
"Then go," said he, "Lord be with thee, my valiant shepherd's boy !"

Then out of the brook five stones he took, and plac'd them in his scrip,
Undauntedly across the plain, this gallant youth did trip :
At the first blow he laid him low, cut off his head forby,
He dropped his sling, and they made a king of the young shepherd boy.

Now to conclude and finish this wondrous dream of mine,
There's none but he that's born free, shall ever know the same
So fill your glass, round let it pass, for I am getting dry,
And toast to the glorious memory of the young shepherd boy.

Toast.

To the Young Shepherd boy. T. R.

SHUTTING OF THE GATES.

AIR: "*Auld Lang Syne.*"

Full many a long wild winter's night, and sultry summer's day,
Have past and gone, since James took flight, from Derry's walls away;
Cold are the hands that closed the gates against the wily foe,
But here's to time's remotest date, their spirits still shall glow.

So here's a health to all good men, to all good men and true,
And when we close our gates again we'll then be all true blue.

Lord Antrim's men came down yon glen, with drums and trumpets gay,
Our 'prentice boys soon heard the noise, and then prepared for play;
While some opposed, the gates they closed, and joining heart in hand,
Before the wall, resolved to fall, or for their freedom stand.

When honour calls, to Derry's walls, the noble and the brave;
O, he that in the battle falls, shall find a hero's grave.

Then came the hot and doubtful fray, with many a mortal wound,
While thousands in wild war's array, stood marshalled all around:
Each hill and plain was strewed with slain, the Foyle ran red with blood,
But all in vain, the town to gain, here William's standard stood,

Removed are those who faced the foes, as men and heroes should,
And let the slave steal to his grave who fears to shed his blood.

The matchless deeds of those who here defied the tyrant's frown,
On history's brightest rolls appear, emblazoned in renown;
Here deathless Walker's faithful word sent hosts against the foe,
And gallant Murray's bloody sword the Gallic chief laid low.

We honour those heroic dead, their glorious memory,
May we who stand here in their stead, as wise and valiant be.

Oh! sure a heart of stone would melt, the scenes once here to see,
And witness all our fathers felt, to make their country free;
They saw the lovely matron's cheek with want and terror pale,
They heard their child's expiring shriek, float on the passing gale.

And here they stood in fire and blood, as battle raged around,
Resolved to die, till victory our purple standard crowned.

The sacred rights those heroes gained on many a hard fought day,
Shall they by us be still maintained, or basely cast away?
Shall rebels vile rule o'er our isle, and call it all their own?
Oh! surely, no, the faithless foe, must bend before the throne.

Then here's a health to all good men, to all good men and true
And when we close our gates again, we'll then be all true blue

Toast.

William's answer: "Our Bible and our God."

THE ORANGE INSTITUTION.

Come, let us meet in love and glee,
Ye Orange brethren, bold and free,
And toast in bumpers, three-times-three,
The Orange Institution.
May it again triumphant stand,
The shield of this our native land,
In spite of that malignant band
Who hate our Institution.

Think on the year of ninety-eight,
When thousands rose against the State.
What did their sanguine hopes defeat?
The Orange Institution.
For in defence of Britain's crown
Our Orange yeomen of renown
Put the insulting rebels down,
And saved the Constitution.

Soon as the Orange system spread
The Popish persecution fled,
And dissipation hid her head,
Checked by our Institution.
Peace was restored to this fair Isle,
Secured by Freedom's cheering smile,
Thus Orangemen from traitors vile,
Preserv'd the Constitution.

To counteract, by valour sound,
All hostile plots that might abound,
Brave "VERNER" did most wisely found,
The Orange Institution.

Erected on a basis sure,
To keep us and our rights secure,
And guard from force of faith impure,
Our King and Constitution.

Toast.

The Orange Institution, the bulwark of freedom and religious liberty.

THE BLACKMAN'S DREAM.

One night, I thought a vision brought me to a spacious plain,
Whereon its centre stood a mound, whose top I wished to gain ;
Orange and blue, and purple too, were given me to wear,
And for to see this [illegible]ry, they did me thus prepare.

My guide, a pack placed on my back, with pillars of an Arch,
A staff and scrip placed in my hand, and on I thus did march ;
Through desert lands I travelled o'er, and the narrow road I trod,
Till something did obstruct my path, which I found it was a toad.

So then I saw what did me awe, though wandering in a dream—
A flaming bush, though unconsumed, before me did remain !
And as I stood out of the wood, I heard a heavenly sound,
Which bade me cast my shoes away, for it was holy ground.

Two men I saw with weapons keen, which did me sore annoy,
Unto a pyramid I ran, that standing was hard by ;
And as I climbed the narrow way, a Hand I there did see,
Which laid the lofty mountains low in the scale of equity.

Black, blue and gold about my neck this apparition placed,
Into a chariot I was put, when we drove off in haste ;
Twelve dazzling lights of beauty bright were brought to guide my way,
And as we drove through Cypress trees, one of them died away.

Near to a mount I saw a fount of living water flow,
"I being dry," they did reply, "to drink you there may go ;"
The mystic cup I then took up, and drank a health to all
That were born free, and kept their knee from bowing unto Baal.

Toast.

To the Mystic Cup that was never made by human hands.

THE OLD ORANGE TREE.

When William came to England, the King of it to be,
He brought a plant along with him, of the old Orange Tree ;
He planted it near London, so pleasant it was to see,
When a few branches there sprung up, and frightened Popery.

So let us all join heart in hand, and lovingly agree,
For we are the loyal branches of that old Orange Tree.

'Twas on the walls of Derry, where the Orangemen did parade,
To fight King James and all his men, they never were afraid ;
And with the sons of Popery, they never more will join,
We drove them back from Drohegda, from Drogheda and the Boyne.

So let us all, &c.

When William went to Ireland, the Protestants to join,
He brought a root along with him, and placed it in the Boyne ;
And with his troops courageously, he fought them one to three ;
King James and his men were sore afraid when they saw the Orange Tree.

So let us all, &c.

The seed of this old Orange Tree got scattered up and down,
Till a few branches there sprung up, enough to rule a town ;
It grew in summer weather, Oh, how pleasant 'twas to see,
Till the winter season it came on, and cropped our Orange Tree.

So let us all, &c.

The winter season being o'er, the weather fine and clear,
The Orange Tree flourished in the spring time of the year ;
Our Orange Tree will flourish, for the root is still alive,
And where there's one branch dropped off, we have engrafted five.

So let us all, &c.

Now to conclude and make an end, and finish up my song,
Here's a health and peace, long life and rest, to all true Orangemen ;
And let us live in unity, and ever more agree,
And on each Twelfth of July, see fruit upon our tree,

Toast

The Old Orange Tree.

[Copy.]

163 St. Ann Street, Birkenhead,
Liverpool, England.

TO HIS HIGHNESS PRINCE BISMARCK :

Noble Prince,—

As an humble member of the great Industrial Family of mankind, I venture to approach, in love and loyalty, the most worthy representative I can conceive of that more powerful order of genius and intellect, whose province it is to plan and contrive, whilst we duller mortals carry out and execute.

Living in a land where Liberty, in its fullest sense, is the inalienable birthright of the meanest citizen, I could not but have sympathised with you in your endeavours to consolidate upon the soil of your dear Fatherland, the fabric we are here so accustom'd to venerate and admire ; much less could I have failed to follow with intense eagerness your efforts to overthrow that stupendous despotism which, in the shape of an armed and overbearing France, sat for so many years as a nightmare upon the bosom of trembling Europe ; that France, which, not content with the enslaving of her own people, endeavoured successfully for years to rivet fetters upon the limbs of a neighbouring and noble nation, and which has never ceased for ages to look with longing eyes across that grand old Rhine you have done so much to render more famous and historic.

In offering you my congratulations, Noble Prince, I look back with pride and thankfulness to that era in your country's history when the "Monk of Heidelberg" rent with a vigorous hand the dark foul curtain of superstition, which the vile arts of the Papacy had drawn before the face of Nature. His revolution was a moral one ; yours, a political one—both having for their ends the advancement of truth and man's material interests. Humble as may be my votive offering, it springs from a heart fully alive to the great debt of gratitude due to you by the world, and, as such, I trust it will meet with a kindly reception at your hands. I feel the more compelled to this course from considering that there is a great link connecting the two great Nations of the Universe (famous alike in science and war), which cannot be dissevered by the accidental circumstances of geographical position, viz., the common blood which flows within the veins of Teuton and Saxon alike ; nor can I forget that the hardy Norsemen of the sea-girt shores of Deutchland gave birth to the Anglo-Saxon family, and transplanted to the shores of Britain a flower, which had luxuriated for ages within the wilds and fastnesses of the ancient Germania.

England owes her greatness to her Sons—those Sons inherit from their progenitors, the qualities which go to make up a great and a free people. Self-reliance, stubborn endurance, patience under defeat, leading to greater and more successful efforts for the accomplishment

of a desired end. These I feel a pride in saying are the attributes of the two nations, and as though Providence had an end in view in keeping the two families united; it has been our happiness from the glorious days of our "Immortal William" to have our reigning family continually recruited by additions from the soil we have all so much reason to love and admire.

The great effects of your policy—the unification of Germany, the downfall of the Papacy, and the consequent spread of civil and religious liberty—cause me to look upon you and your Illustrious Sovereign as instruments specially selected by God for the accomplishment of His great design. It is under these feelings I have composed the accompanying verses. They but feebly express my sentiments; but such as they are, I pray you to accept them as the outpourings of a true and loyal heart.

I have the honour to be, Noble Prince

Your most obedient servant,

THOMAS REID.

Dated this first day of January, 1872.

PRINCE BISMARCK AND THE DOWNFALL OF FRANCE.

BY THOMAS REID.

AIR: *"Lillabulero."*

You Protestant heroes I pray pay attention, unto these few verses I'm now going to sing,
Concerning the downfall of France as a nation, and Popery, by Bismarck and William his King;
Hail! Noble Prince, all honour brave Bismarck, the hero my verses is meant to review,
A statesman renowned through all civilized nations,—to his God and his country he was ever found true.

From his youth until now was a life of devotion, to the cause he espoused his dear Fatherland's weal,
His King his first thought; next, the Rhine, his dear river; to guard both with honour he studied with zeal;
Many years had proud France, in her cherished ambition, dictated to nations, with presumption and scorn,
Believing Napoleon and Rome quite sufficient, ne'er thinking that William of Prussia was born.

And for years had earth's false god been kept on the altar, supported
by bayonets of Frenchmen, it's true;
In the city of harlots, where oft slaughter and murder, by Antichrist's
orders of men not a few;
And Italia's sons many years were in bondage, and pleaded in vain
'gainst the dark deeds of Rome,
For the Bourbons upheld thier great Antichrist's usage, and thousands
of men in dark dungeons did groan.

But now came the time, when this wholesale seducer of millions of
souls, should be called to the bar,
To receive his just sentence; no thought of repentance by him who
was followed by Bethlehem's star:
"Go down!" said the Judge, "for your cup overfloweth, the blood of
the martys cries to me on high;
Your crimes always great, with your last vain ambition, co-equal with
me, Heaven's laws you defy.

And your Corsican son that supports your vain glory, shall be called to
account on the soil he's now King,
In conjunction with you shall be surely degraded by those I appoint
retribution to bring;
Then France declared war against Protestant Prussia, and sent straight
to Rome for his Holiness's aid,
Who sent them back crosses, with abundance of masses, and for their
special success to St. Peter he prayed.

But Prussia and Fatherland closely united, and free from Rome's
bondage they loudly did sing,
And join'd hands in chorus of real true devotion, to laws framed by
Bismarck and William their King;
Like William of old, he accepted the challenge, through Bismarck's
wise counsel and Protestant zeal,
From the king to the peasant, each heart with emotion, to the God of
their fathers in prayer did appeal.

Now, Napoleon assembled and marched with his legions of idolators
true, who on Mary did call
To direct and defend them, also *a la Berlin*, and shield them from the
force of the heretic's ball;
They had not marched far when the proud Prussian Eagle, with its
brave standard bearers, appeared with great noise,
German heroes fast pattling, their drums loud a-rattling, to the heart-
cheering tune of the Protestant Boys.

Napoleon desired MacMahon to order the Imperial young Prince the
dread signal to give,
To baptize his Mitrelleuse with pure holy water,—of the tears of St.
Dennis, so that she might live;
To obey the command, the light youth he departed, like a true son of
Rome to his post quickly flies,
When lo, and behold you! a great heretic bullet dashed every drop of
the water right into his eyes.

Then the French formed in wonder, Prussian guns they did thunder,
their missilles of death they sent all o'er the plain,
"The day it is lost!" says the Prince to Napoleon, "with the whole
roll of saints all our prayers are in vain;"
Go! fly! save your life, my dear child," said his father, "speed
home! tell your mother we have lost the day;
Through trusting in Rome has brought all this disaster, not looking to
God His just laws to obey."

So Napoleon surrendered, and soon after the nation, to King William
and Bismarck, when thus he did say:
No more Romish masses, Pope's paudereens or crosses, for to Protest-
ant England I must now steer my way;
So Protestants join hands in your loud shouts of chorus, to Jehovah on
high as these verses you sing,
Who, when He saw meet to bring just retribution on Rome's Pope and
his followers by Prussia's brave King.

Then now to conclude, and to end these few verses, fill a full flowing
bumper of good Rhenish wine,
And we'll toast to King William, Prince Bismarck, and others, of
Germany's heroes who still hold the Rhine;
May peace and enjoyment at this festive season, in abundance flow
round each and all their household,
And when it pleases Jehovah to call them to His mansion, may each be
raised, like Elijah, in chariots of gold.

[Translation.]

REPLY.

LONDON, April 12th, 1872.

You were good enough to present to the Chancellor of the German Empire, Prince Bismarck, a memorial, dated the first of January, congratulating him on the unification of Germany and the political changes which have taken place on the Continent; and morever, offering your good will in a poem.

The Imperial German Embassy has been requested to thank you for this attention to His Highness, and to remark that your memorial and poem did not reach him till the 11th February.

By order of the Imperial German Embassy,

(Signed) S. J. STROBRAER.

THOMAS REID, ESQ.,
163 St. Anne Street,
Birkenhead, Liverpool.

LISNAGADE.

You Protestants of Ulster, I pray you join with me,
Your voices raise in lofty praise, and show your loyalty ;
Extol the day we marched away, with Orange flags so fine,
In order to commemorate the conquest at the Boyne.

The first that fought upon that day, the Prince of Orange was,
He headed our forefathers in his most glorious cause ;
Protestant rights for to maintain, and popery to degrade,
And in the memory of the same, we fought at Lisnagade.

'Twas early in the morning, before the rise of sun,
An information we received that our foes, each with his gun,
In ambush lay near the highway, strongly entrenched in a forth,
To disgrace our Orange flag, but it chanced they broke their oath.

We had not marched a mile or so, when the white flag we espied,
With a bunch of Podereens on the top, on which they much relied ;
With this inscription underneath, "Hail, Mary ! " unto thee,
Deliver us from those Orange dogs, and then we will be free.

At half an hour past six o'clock the firing did commence,
With clouds of smoke, and showers of ball, the Heavens were condensed ;
They called upon their wooden gods, to whom they used to pray,
But my Lady Mary fell asleep, and the cowards ran away.

Toast.

To the memory of those who beat their foes—
Foes who to Angels prayed—
In spite of Angels, Popes, or Priests,
The Boys of Lisnagade.

T. R.

PADDY AND THE GRANDFATHERS.

In Dublin, fair city, not a long time ago,
As Michael was walking about to and fro,
He had the mishap, in a very wide street,
On a sudden, his Father Confessor to meet ;
"Good morning," said the priest ; "Good morning," said Pat ;
But saluted him not by a touch of his hat ;
"How's this?" said the priest, "what a change in your manner ;
Indeed, I'm afraid you've deserted our banner."

"You ne'er come to Chapel, nor e'n yet to Mass,
And now, without speaking, indeed you would pass;
Come tell to me, Michael, the truth without fail,
And my honest prayers for you are sure to prevail;"
"Indeed, then, Your Reverence, said Pat, with a smile,
No more your smooth words my poor soul will beguile,
I've joined the good Protestants, just a while since,
The indulgence I get now is in keeping my pence."

"No more I'm the creature of you nor the Pope,
That numbers will follow, I live in the hope."
With reproof on his lips, and fire in his eye,
The learned confessor at once made reply:
"Indeed Mr. Michael, it's what I foresaw,
The very last time you made light of our law,
Of the Church, of the Pope, of his bulls and his masses,
And off you went gadding to Protestant asses."

"Yet you know not a word of the Greek nor the Latin
Nor yet in your Irish can you say a good matin,
Indeed you can scarce tell *brown* money from *yellow*,
Did you ere read the Fathers, you ignorant fellow?"
Said Pat, "Of the Fathers I ne'er read a letter,
But indeed I've read what I think is much better,
For I've read through and through, in my own native tongue,
The Grandfathers, Matthew, with Mark, Luke and John."

THE RELIEF OF DERRY.

AIR: *My ain kind dearie, O.*

The gloomy hour of trial's o'er,
No longer cannons rattle, O,
The tyrant's flag is seen no more,
And James has lost the battle, O.
And here are we renowned and free,
By maiden walls surrounded, O,
Whilst all the knaves who'd make us slaves,
Are baffled and confounded, O.

The "Dartmouth" spread her snow-white sail,
Her purple pendant flying, O,
While we the dauntless heroes hail,
Who saved us all from dying, O.

Like Noah's dove, sent from above,
While foes would starve and grieve us, O,
Through flood and flame an angel came,
To comfort and relieve us, O.

It's when the vessel struck the boom,
She pitched, she reeled and stranded, O,
With shouts the foe announced their doom,
When she, open gates demanded, O.
And shrill on high arose the cry,
Of anguish, grief and pity, O,
While black with care and deep despair,
We mourned our fallen city, O.

But heaven her guide, with one broadside,
The leading bark rebounded, O;
A favouring gale soon filled her sail,
While hills and vales resounded, O.
The joy-bells ring, "Long live our king!"
Adieu to grief and sadness, O;
To heaven we'll raise our voice of praise,
In heartfelt joy and gladness, O.

Toast.

To the noble ships, "Mountjoy," "Phœnix," and "Dartmouth;" also, to their noble commanders, who broke the boom, and saved the men of Derry.

T. R.

DERRY'S "NO SURRENDER."

AIR: *Boyne Water.*

Behold the crimson banner float, o'er yonder turret hoary!
It tells of days of mighty note, and Derry's deathless glory;
When her brave sons undaunted stood, embattled to defend her,
Indignant stemmed oppression's flood, and sung out "No Surrender!"

Old Derry's walls were firm and strong, well fenced in every quarter,
Each frowning bastion grim along, with culverin and mortar;
But Derry had a surer guard than all that art could lend her—
Her 'Prentice Boys, the gates who barred, and sung out "No Surrender!"

On came the foe in bigot-ire, and fierce the assault was given,
By shot and shell, 'mid streams of fire, her fated roof was riven;
But baffled was the tyrant's wrath, and vain his hopes to bend her,
For still 'mid famine, fire, and death, she sung out, "No Surrender!

Again when treason madden'd round, and rebel hosts were swarming,
Were Derry's sons the foremost found, for King and Country arming;
And forth they rush'd at Honour's call, from age to boyhood tender,
Again to man their Virgin Walls and sing out, "No Surrender!"

Long may the crimson banner float, a meteor, streaming airy,
Portentous of the free and brave, who guard the walls of Derry;
And Derry's sons alike defy Pope, traitor, or pretender,
And peal to Heaven their 'prentice cry, their patriot—"No Surrender!"

O. R. G.

Toast.

The 'Prentice Boys of Derry, who shut the gates in the face of their foes, and sung out, "No Surrender!"

ORANGEMEN, ARISE!

AIR: *Cheer, Boys, Cheer.*

Orangemen, arise! awake! no longer slumber,
The foes of our faith, our country and our Queen,
Assemble on our soil, and boasting of their number,
Would fain rise again their rebel flag of green;
For they are the sons, who often in fell slaughter,
Cowardly butchered the helpless and the old;
None did they spare—the mother aged and daughter
Fell 'neath their vengeance, relentless, cruel, cold.

Then Orangemen, arise! be true to one another,
Shake out your banners, the rebels to defy;
While on each side we feel sure that we have a brother,
Stand to your guns, boys, and keep your powder dry.

Orangemen, arise! be firm and stand together,
Fearing no foe, our rights we will maintain;
And in the hour of need around our flag we'll gather,
To fight and to win as our fathers did before;
What should we fear, though Popish foes assemble,
When we think of old Derry and Aughrim's well-fought plain,
And the glorious banks of Boyne, where William made them tremble,
And where we, too, would meet them, and conquer them again.

Then Orangemen, arise, &c.

Then, Orangemen, arise! and our faith, like those before us,
We'll guard from her foes, as an eagle would her nest;
And while a thread remains of the flag now waving o'er us,
We'll stand by that flag though the pike was at our breast.

And around our loved Queen we'll rally to defend her,
From traitors and from foes, no matter whence they rise,
And boldly march forth, while the cry of "No Surrender!"
With shouts of defiance shall echo to the skies.

Then, Orangemen, &c.

THE ISRAELITES FREED FROM BONDAGE.

Ye loving brethren, all draw nigh,
That's free from all idolatry,
And with patience lend an ear,
Till I relate my story.

It's, always bear it in your mind,
When you receive the Word and Sign,
It was instituted by Divine,
To free us all from slavery.

It's full four hundred years and more,
Our brethren were oppressed sore;
Unto kind heaven they did implore
To remove their situation.

Their sighs and groans to Horeb came,
The great Jehovah heard the same,
Who called Moses thrice by name,
For to go back to Egypt.

When that Moses to Joshua came,
He met his brethren on the plain,
Who asked of him from whence he came—
He answered them in Hebrew.

He said, "From Horeb I have come,
And Brother Moses is my name,
And I am come for to redeem
My brethren all from slavery."

When that his brethren heard him say,
Their hearts with joy did overflow,
When they heard they were to the Promise Land to go,
And to leave the house of bondage.

It was when they all as one combine,
Marching through in heavenly line,
Leaving their enemies all behind,
In a sorrowful lamentation.

Marching through the wilderness wide,
With the great I AM to be their guide,
But when they came to the ocean side,
They wanted a pass-word over.

When they their pass-word did receive,
Which saved them from a watery grave;
Proud Pharoah's host to ride the wave,
To Israel's consternation.

Now since that they're from bondage free,
Come let us all kneel down and pray,
Returning thanks both night and day,
For our great preservation.

THE BATTLE OF GLENOE.

It was on the 13th of July, in the year of twenty-nine,
Two thousand of those Ribbonmen together did combine,
To murder the Coole Orangemen as they would homeward go,
Those Papists did assemble at the Chapel of Glenoe.

From six o'clock that morning till it was eight at night,
They waited there like beasts of prey, thinking us to affright;
O'Neil, like young Goliath, came foaming down the hill,
And swore he would not sleep that night till Orange blood he'd spill.

Our Orange boys, not fearing them, though their numbers were but few,
Advanced down towards the bridge, and soon them did subdue;
When they smelled Orange powder they quickly did retreat,
But Murphy caught an Orange pill which caused him to wait.

Beside him there were forty-six lay dead upon the plain,
And sixty-five were wounded, too tedious for to name;
There was none of our brave boys did fall that day but two—
That was Williamson and Bartley, who fought at Waterloo.

The victory of those Orangemen I cannot half relate,
To think that fourteen of them two thousand Papists beat;
They run like hunted foxes, you'd have laugh'd to see the chase—
Some wanting legs and arms, and some part of the face.

It's every night and morning those Ribbonmen may pray,
That the Orangemen of "Kellyman" were not there that day;
Had they waited in Coalisland to the Orangemen came in,
They'd have sent them down to Purgatory to purge them of their sin.

Long live bold Edward Hanna, a hero of renown,
He marched his men courageously that day from Stewartstown!
He says: "Come on! my Orange boys, their numbers we defy,
We'll beat them as King William done on the 12th day of July."

Then our Orangemen advanced—though their numbers were but few—
Advanced down towards the bridge, and soon them did subdue;
We took two stand of arms, some pikes and pitchforks, too,
Our victory does far exceed that gained at Waterloo.

As for those fourteen Britons, their names should be enrolled,
And sent to Dublin Castle in letters gilt with gold,
Who for their Queen and country that day did bleed their veins
Before they'd yield to Popery or Dan. O'Connell's schemes.

So, now, let every Orangeman take a full glass in hand,
And drink to William's memory, who formed the true plan,
Who saved us all from Popery on the 1st day of July;
Record that day, my Orange boys, unto the day you die.

Toast.

To the memory of Williamson and Bartley. T. R.

THE BOYS OF SANDY ROW.

AIR: *Colonel Verner.*

Come! ye loyal Orangemen, and in full chorus join,
Think on the deeds of William, and the conquest at the Boyne;
And gratefully commemorate, that ever glorious day,
That crowned the mighty hero king, and ended Popish sway.

Then band together firmly, and Popery overthrow,
Like to your gallant brethren, the boys of Sandy Row.

Likewise, ye Presbyterians, that for the truth contend,
Come forward now, and manfully your chartered rights defend ;
From Fenians, and from Papists vile, that fiercely you assail,
And hope throughout green Erin's Isle, to carry a repeal.

Then band together firmly, &c.

The gathering Papists swarming round this ancient loyal town,
They tried, you know, not long ago, to put the Bible down ;
And to destroy it root and branch, they often have combined,
But from Sandy Row we made them fly, like chaff before the wind.

Then band together firmly, &c.

More savage than New Zealanders, that cunning, ruthless race,
Like tigers watching for their prey, spring from their hiding-place ;
United by a private oath, their leaders to obey,
And at the shortest notice rise, all heretics to slay.

Then band together firmly, &c.

So brave and gallant Johnston, aye—prepared to do and dare,
Now let a bumper toast go round, with honours from the chair ;
The Boyne we never will forget, nor Derry's walls renown'd,
And should like days return again, we'll at our post be found.

Then band together firmly, &c.

Toast.

To the boys of Sandy Row.

THE "LAWRENCE CITY RIOTS," MASSACHUSETTS U.S., JULY TWELFTH, 1875.

BY THOMAS REID.

AIR: *Boyne Water.*

Ye Orange Muses grand, your assistance I command,
And crave all your efforts to unfold
A plot of a "Romish clan," to murder each Orangeman
On last Twelfth day of July, we are told ;

It was in Lawrence town, our brethren of renown
Was determined for to celebrate the day
When at the "Boyne," some fun, freedom by our sires won,
And by William who chased Popish James away.

It was with that intent, each brother to his lodge-room went;
All marshalled in bright colors arrayed,
When round an "Altar Grand" humbly knelt each Orangeman,
And to God in solemn prayer each brother prayed;
When, prayers then being o'er, they opened wide the door,
Agreed that no offence should be given
To those who might oppose, who for ages still were foes
To all Orangemen long dead, and those living.

But all the world o'er, sons of the scarlet "W——"
Their nature's not changed whatever.
For the truth to you I say, for to murder, kill and slay
All Orangemen, their prayers now and forever;
Now their worthy "Master Grand," pride of Massachusetts land!
He says: "Brave boys, I'll lead; you all will follow,
"For while our God is near, no rebel host we'll fear,
But our neighbouring brethren meet before to-morrow."

Then they all with one combine, marching through in heavenly line;
Their music with their drums loud did rattle,
With their wives and daughters all, sweethearts and children small,
Most lovingly along the route did prattle;
When our brethren we did meet, we did each other greet,
Recalling "Mountains of Joy," as of yore.
When William with "his Hand," Popish James could not withstand,
Their deeds we'll celebrate for ever more.

Then lovingly we spent the glorious day in merriment;
Returning home not contemplating any danger,
Rebel thousands with a will, resolved Orange blood to spill
That night, in order to appease their Popish anger!
Then these "imps of hell" did bound, and four brethren did surround,
With their wives and their little ones tender,
When our Orange prayers of love were heard by Him who rules above,
In our honoured Mayor we found a true befriender.

Of those four Orange heroes bold, in letters gilt with gold,
Their names should be spread o'er the nation,
As their courage to a man caused rebel hosts to stand,
And tremble in rage and confusion!
The State Grand Master's fame – Brother Cassidy by name—
With the Spinlows, each stood firm and steady;
They with their Orange and their Blue, they defied the Popish crew,
Their revolvers being loaded and ready.

I cannot yet conclude without remarking what I should,
Of the females who were present at the fray,
Who resolved one and all, with their husbands for to fall,
Before they'd yield to Rome's minions on that day!
So on next July morn we'll sound loud our Orange horn,
And make vassals of Rome to knock under;
William's flag will float once more round great "Columbia's Shore,"
We'll toast King William, the Boyne, and "No Surrender!"

Toronto, 8th September, 1875.

THE NORTH OF IRELAND, TENTH OCTOBER, 1822.

How happy is the festive scene, where worth and wealth combining,
In patrotic bands are seen, all common cares resigning;
With love for all, both great and small, our country's good devising,
Each prudent course, and rich resource, in wisdom calm revising.

Pursuits like these must surely please the heart that can feel pleasure,
When time takes wing, they leave no sting, but comfort without measure;
Each happy day that rolls away, while man his brother blesses,
Produces joy without alloy, and this the heart confesses.

Then here's to Erin's lovely fields, her sons and daughters dainty,
Her matchless soil that freely yields of choicest gifts a plenty;
For many a year may we meet here, to prove we dearly love her;
May those who roam come quickly home to cherish and improve her.

O! who to swell vain France's pride, that land of friendship hollow,
Would leave the Foyle's bright smiling side, the fickle crowd to follow;
When happy here, we pass the year, with faithful friends around us,
While on each hand, for our own land, heart-cheering views surround us.

Laugh—Erin's wave the Foyle shall join, and both shall meet the Shannon,
Old Galway's lakes shall swell the Boyne, no more disturbed by cannon;
The southern Lee shall join the Ree, the Bann the Liffey narrow,
The Slaney bright, with these unite, and mingle with the Barrow.

Our mountains high they meet the sky, with hidden treasure teeming,
Their steel and gold will soon unfold, the land from want redeeming;
Her silver mine shall once more shine, our Dungannon coal shall warm us;
While bogs reclaimed, and meadows named, with clover green shall charm us.

Our coast producing shoals of fish, neglected long and wasted,
Once more shall furnish many a dish, on foreign tables tasted ;
The stormy main shall prove our gain, the Dutchman's fame out-
stripping,
Our harbours deep, shall safely keep, ten thousand sail of shipping.

Oh ! then no more shall want or quiet, all comfort from us sever ;
No more shall blood be madly spilt, the land shall rest for ever ;
This beauteous Isle was formed to smile, renowned in future story,
Our sons will see, that she will be, broad Europe's pride and glory.

OLIVER'S ADVICE.

The night is gathering gloomy, the day is closing fast ;
The tempest flaps his raven wings in loud and angry blast ;
The thunder clouds are driving athwart the lurid sky,
But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

There was a day when loyalty was hailed with honour due ;
Our banner the protection waved to all the good and true,
And gallant hearts beneath its folds were linked in honour's tie ;
We put our trust in them, my boys, and kept our powder dry.

When treason bared her bloody arm, and madden'd round the land,
For king and laws, and order fair, we drew the ready brand ;
Our gathering spell was William's name, our word was " Do or die ! "
For still we put our trust in Him, and kept our powder dry.

But now, alas ! a wond'rous change has come the nation o'er,
When worth and gallant services remembered are no more ;
And crushed beneath oppressions weight in chains of grief we lie ;
But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

The Power that led his chosen few by pillared cloud and flame,
Through parted seas and deserts waste, that Power is still the same ;
He fails not He, the loyal hearts who firm on him rely,
So put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

The Power that nerved the stalwart arms of Gideon's chosen few,
The Power that led great William, Boyne's reddening torrent through,
In His protecting aid confide, you'll every foe defy ;
So put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

For happy homes, for altars free, we grasp the ready sword,
For freedom's truth, and for our God's unmutilated Word ;
These, these, the war-cry of our march ; our hopes, the Lord on high ;
Then put your trust in Him, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

WILLIAM'S BIRTHDAY.

Rouse from your slumbers ! all Orange and Purplemen,
Banish despondency, doubt and dismay !
Joy is abounding and music resounding
In honour of William of Nassau's birthday.

Think how he came at the call of our forefathers,
And headed them on in wild battle fray !
Blest freedom's avenger, he heeded no danger,
Then sacred for ever be William's birthday.

Old Derry's proud walls, manned by gallant apprentice boys
Long kept the cowardly despot at bay ;
Then we'll always remember the fourth of November,
And hail with delight our deliverer's birthday.

Forget not the deeds of the brave Enniskilleners ;
Ne'er let the memory of Aughrim decay ;
Think of the slaughter that stained the Boyne water,
And faithfully honour King William's birthday.

Remember the stand that was made by the Diamond,
Still honour their memory in patriot lay ;
While music high swelling, in rapture is telling,
The deeds they performed on their old fearless day.

Popery's poison has long been tainting old Ireland,
Spreading around from its centre, Maynooth ;
But bear down upon her, beneath the old banner,
The standard of Freedom, Religion, and Truth.

Hark ! 'tis a voice from the tomb of your ancestors :
Bold sons of William, up, up and away !
Trusting in Heaven, whose promise was given,
To guard you in battle and herald your way.

"Down with Maynooth !" be the cry of each Orangeman,
Disraeli and Derby both smile to betray ;
But strain each endeavour, and fail you can never,
With gallant old Spooner on William's birthday.

Then start to your feet, every true son of loyalty !
Remember your number is two-and-a-half ;
Think how Midian wondered at Gideon's three hundred,
While in memory of William your bumpers you quaff ;

"No peace with Rome," was the shout of your forefathers ;
"No peace with Rome," let Orangemen say ;
When a truce they would tender, sing out "No surrender !"
And hallowed for ever be William's birthday.

A MYSTIC SONG.

AIR: *Banner's Banks.*

One evening for my recreation, down by Bond's river I did roam,
For to view the small fishes a swimming, and the streams they did gently flow:
I stood in a deep contemplation, admiring the works of Divine,
When a young man he stepped up unto me, and instantly threw me a sign.

I immediately gave him an answer, of the road I intended to go,
When he says, "My dear brother I'll go with you, and to you the right road I will show;"
As this young man and I was a walking, great light in his countenance did shine,
He deprived me of all mines and minerals, and likewise my eyes he did blind.

O, such crooked paths as he led me! the road it was rugged and hard,
To the gates of a beautiful palace, that was well secured by a guard;
My conductor he rapped for admittance, when an old man appeared at the gate,
Saying "the ground where you stand on is holy, therefore strip the shoes off your feet."

The first that I met was old Moses, with a book and five seals in his hand,
He reached it to one of the Brethren, saying, "Open this book if you can."
No sooner the book it was opened, with great joy I gazed all around,
When they toasted unto their new brother, and the secrets that he had just found.

Then a gloriously dressed door was opened, then I instantly saw the true light,
And all around the borders were trimmed with Orange and purple most bright;
Still I looked some further around me, where I espied ribbons purple and blue,
Of the secret I ne'er should disclose of, unless to a Purpleman true.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BOOM.

Sir Michael Creah did the boom command,
To stop all succours from the neighbouring land ;
The boom was made of great long oaken beams,
Together joined with iron o'er the streams,
On top of which a mighty cable ran
Across the lough, through staples of iron.
The boom on either side was fastened
With a cross beam, in a rock was mortised.
In breadth the river, half a mile or more,
This floating boom did reach from shore to shore.

THE EIGHTEENTH OF DECEMBER, 1688.

AIR : *Siege of Carrickfergus.*

When the struggle for freedom took place in our nation,
Which long had been trampled by bigoted sway,
The brave men of Derry for self-preservation
Made fast their gates on this threatening day ;
Though cowards might tremble and traitors dissemble,
Those heroes stood forward all gallant and true,
Foul thraldom forever from Erin to sever,
And up went their standard of Orange and Blue.

Oh, fair Londonderry ! it makes my heart merry,
To look at your walls rising straight o'er the Foyle ;
May no Whig or Tory, despising your glory,
Your sons or your daughters of honour despoil.

Then loudly the war-cry o'er Ulster resounded,
And called forth the Protestant chiefs of our land :
They with zeal patriotic, and courage unbounded,
On the Foyle for their freedom determined to stand ;
Then " Mount Alexander," that noble commander,
With Skiffington, Rawden, and Blaney so brave,
Despising alarms, came down here in arms,
Our liberty, laws, and religion to save.

Oh, fair Londonderry, &c.

Bold Mitchellburn, Baker and Mackay unbending,
Held out through all danger our rights to maintain,
Resolved to die for their freedom contending,
Before the vile tyrant should over them reign ;
To give us our charters they bled like true martyrs,
Regardless of fear, though by numbers assailed,
Because they confided on Him who divided
The waters which over proud Pharaoh prevailed.

Oh, fair Londonderry, &c.

And Heaven protected those heroes undaunted,
Who fought and who died in religion's bright cause,
And gained for the nation what long had been wanted —
A free constitution and Protestant laws ;
From bondage forever our isle they did sever,
O, may we like them be decided and true ;
May liberty flourish, and loyalty nourish,
The principles sound of an honest true Blue.

THE PURPLE MARKSMAN'S TRAVELS.

Some of my leisure moments I'm prone to solitude,
And meditate on bygone days, which no one dare intrude ;
One evening as I wandered forth—I think 'twas in July—
I looked, and lo ! a rainbow bright stood proudly arched on high.

When gazing on that glorious arch, which God himself had raised,
A stranger smote me on the breast, and asked me why I gazed ;
Said I, "Because it calls to mind the glorious arch I seen
When travelling forth from Egypt's plains—pray know you what I mean ?"

"Oh, yes," said he, "and I presume you have been a traveller too,
And gladly would I hear you tell the dangers you came through ;
Come, sit you down, and tell me how you were induced to tread
That dark and stormy road, that fills the heart with dread."

I first began and told him I was loaded well within,
I was loaded well with staff in hand my journey to begin ;
Meanwhile, my guide informed me I might lay my cash aside,
For on my journey all my wants, for me he would provide.

I had not travelled very far, when across my way was cast
A barrier, which, without my guid[illegible]ould have passed;
He asked, and what he asked re[illegible]ought and found it too,
He knocked and soon admissio[illegible]oldly led me through.

A sharp salute I then received, which made me backward start,
And such preparing was enough to shake the stoutest heart;
Then they led me through the wilderness, their secrets to complete,
When at each step great rocks they did assault my [illegible]eet.

Three mighty falls I then received, the heavens with thunder rung,
The vivid lightning round me flashed, I was by serpents stung;
I mounted Jacob's ladder next, and Jordan's streams crossed o'er,
Just where the priests' twelve mystic stones were off its bottom bore.

Three mighty lights I then perceived, which did me much surprise,
Grim death in all its terrors appeared before my eyes;
My heart it sank within me, had not I quickly seen,
Suspended high, beneath that arch, our glorious eight-thirteen.

So may all brother travellers, in mutual friendship join,
And may their love compose a chain that will their hearts entwine;
And may their hearts be like that arch, when pressed it comes more strong,
May no Egyptian be e'er allowed to do a brother wrong.

THE EXECUTION OF GEORGE RITCHIE.

You Protestants of this County, and all round Caufield town,
I pray you pay attention to these verses I write down,
Concerning of a young man not of a low degree—
How he has lost his precious life by cruel perjury.

He was born of honest parents and George Ritch[illegible] wa[illegible]is name,
Brought up unto maturity without either shame or blame,
Until the twelfth of August, that being his fatal day,
When perjured Bell McCrory she swore his life away.

McCrory, he was killed, and that you all do know,
But he that was his murderer across the seas did go o';
But through malicious anger she swore his life away,
She will sorely rue what she has done against the Judgment Day.

"Oh! Bridge, thy guilty conscience, it's you I have to blame;
I gave myself up to you quite guiltless, without stain,
Until that in cold irons you got me here to lie,
Then, Judas like, you took your flight, and left me here to die.

"Oh! Bridge, you cruel traitor, it was you deceived me;
You told me to surrender, my life you would set free;
By giving to me a character, my foes you would defy,
But like Annanias and his wife, you told a dreadful lie.

"You guilty, base deceiver; the world well does know
That you have been my murderer and my sad overthrow;
You and your posterity, God's justice will pursue,
For Cain, that slew his brother, was not half as bad as you.

"But Judas' guilty conscience soon found he was to blame,
For he went out and hanged himself, that you may do the same;
If you, like him, have took a bribe, for a true Orangeman,
With that his bowels gushed out, that this may be your end.

"The night I got my sentence—wasn't that a dreadful night?
When early the next morning a dove appeared in white;
It hovered round the window, all where I was to die,
In view of all spectators as they were standing by.

"Farewell, dear aged parents, and brethren also,
For I am bound to leave you in sorrow here below;
But Jordan's streams seem narrow, and I shall soon get o'er,
Where there I'll shine like stars by night, and that for ever more.

"When July comes, remember me, when I am dead and gone,
Amongst my loving brethren these verses may be sung;
And not forgetting William, who once did set us free—
Who broke the bonds and loosed the chains of dreadful Popery.

"May the Bible your companion be, when in your lodge you sit;
Read it to all your brethren who are not well versed in it;
The law and conversation of Moses do explain,
And be true to one another while you in life remain."

DERRY'S GATES, SEVENTH DECEMBER, 1688.

AIR: "*On Board the Arethusa.*"

Ye men of Derry, stout and bold,
"Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,"
Oh! think to-day on times of old,
And Britain's Constitution.

On this great day in William's year,
The "'Prentice Boys" assembled here,
And hand in hand, gave one great cheer.
For the glorious revolution!

All Europe heard the joyful sound,
In vain the Pope's proud vassals frowned,
For William and Mary soon were crowned,
And stopped the persecution.

Lord Antrim's troops, compell'd to wait,
Stood panic struck before the gate,
Until we forced them to retreat,
With rapid evolution.

And when again with opening spring,
They came once more and brought their King,
We made our bells for William ring,
With Spartan resolution.

And though we fought them three to one,
Still did they shrink as we pressed on,
Then their coward King was gone,
Afraid of execution.

And should like days again come round,
Here still we'll stand on classic ground,
Ever true to Britain found,
And our glorious Constitution.

Proud our purple flag shall fly,
Waving in the azure sky,
Here we'll conquer, or we'll die,
In the cause of the revolution.

A SONG FOR THE APPROACHING TWELFTH OF JULY.

[Composed for the celebration of the Anniversary of the landing of King William the III,, on the 5th of November, 1688.]

AIR : "*Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled.*"

Britons brave, for evermore
Let your thundering cannons roar,
On the day when to your shore,
The Prince of Orange came ;
From Rome's foul chains to set you free,
He came with Lords of high degree,
'Twas he restored your liberty,
Your honour and your fame.

Oh ! Why should we ungrateful be,
To "William's Glorious Memory,"
When each revolving day we see,
But proves his worth the more.
The crafty foes at work again,
Our sacred Altars to profane,
Upon our land to bring a stain,
And drench it with our gore.

Our lawful rights, the tyrant James,
Assailed by force and subtle schemes,
While bigots fierce, to kindle flames,
In Smithfield stood prepared ;
To drive religion from the land,
They raised again a threat'ning hand,
When WILLIAM and his gallant band
Their trembling master scared.

Affrighted James in wild despair,
A victim to corroding care,
Fled off by night to France, and there
Obtained the wished for aid.
With Gaul's proud troops, to Erin's isle,
He sailed, resolved by force or guile,
To make us on his project smile,
And Britain's Crown degrade.

But Londonderry, with a frown,
Received the King without a Crown,
And put him and his army down,
Upon the Foyle's fair side.
A shot sent from her lofty wall,
Soon made him all his guards recall,
And back to old St. Johnston fall,
With deeply wounded pride.

Fair Enniskillen stoutly stood,
Like Holland's banks against the flood,
Until her heroes, drenched in blood,
No living foe could find.
Strong Carrickfergus yielded then,
In mountain, moor, and shady glen;
No force withstood Duke Schomberg's men,
With Derry's Boys combined.

At last KING WILLIAM with his train,
Landed on green Antrim's plain,
Where all resistance proving vain,
The tyrant's forces fled;
Crowds in flight we then might see,
From Lagan's banks to proud Ardee,
While Britons undismayed and free,
Held high their standard red.

Come now, my boys, in chorus join,
And sing the glories of the BOYNE,
Where wooden shoes and brazen coin,
Felt freedom's fatal blow;
While James aloof in terror stood,
King William crossed the foaming flood,
And then, while flowed his royal blood,
Pursued the flying foe.

Great Ginckle's troops reduced Athlone,
On Aughrim's hills his valour shone,
Where Rome's last hopes were overthrown,
And fell to rise no more.
Then let not Pope or Pagan say,
That we shall e'er forget the day,
When William came to drive away,
The tyrant from our shores.

—*From the Theological Instructor.*

THE DEATH OF SCHOMBERG.

'Twas on the day when kings did fight beside the Boyne's dark water,
And thunder roared from every height, and earth was red with slaughter;
That morn an aged chieftain stood apart from mustering bands,
And from a height that crowned the flood surveyed broad Erin's land.

His hand upon his sword hilt leant, his war horse stood beside,
And anxiously his eyes were bent across the rolling tide ;
He thought of what a changeful fate had borne him from the land -
Where frowned his father's castle gate, high o'er the Rhenish land.

And placed before his opening view, a realm where strangers bled,
Where he, a leader, scarcely knew the tongues of those he led ;
He looked upon his checkered life, from boyhood's earliest time,
Through scenes of tumult and of strife endured in every clime.

To where the snows of eighty years usurped the raven's stand,
And still the din was in his ears, the broad sword in his hand ;
He then turned to futurity, beyond the battle plain,
But then a shadow from on high hung o'er the heaps of slain.

And through the darkness of the cloud the chief's prophetic glance,
Beheld with winding sheet and shroud his fatal hour advance ;
He quailed not as he felt him near the inevitable stroke,
But dashing off one rising tear, 'twas thus the old man spoke .

"God of my fathers, death is nigh ; my soul is not deceived,
My hour is come, and I would die—the conqueror I have lived ;
For thee, for freedom have I stood, for both I fall to-day ;
Give me but victory for my blood, the price I gladly pay.

"Forbid the future to restore a Stuart's despot gloom,
Or that, by freemen dreaded more, the tyranny of Rome ;
From either curse, let Erin freed, as prosperous ages run,
Acknowledge what a glorious deed upon this day is won."

He said ; fate granted half his prayer, his steed he straight bestrode,
And fell, as on the routed rear of James' host he rode ;
He sleepeth in cathedral's gloom, amongst the mighty dead,
And frequent o'er his hallowed head re-deedful pilgrims tread.

APPROPRIATE LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE ABOVE.

The night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps ;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it roll,
Shall long keep his memory green in our soul ;
"May his grave be respected," "His tomb be renowned,"
In St. Michael's Churchyard, Dublin City, is found ;
And may all Orange brethren with me truly join
In a toast to brave Schomberg that died at the Boyne.

T. R.

Toast.

To the memory of the brave Duke Schomberg, who fell gloriously while crossing the Boyne.

TO THE 'PRENTICE BOYS OF DERRY.

Sons of the men who nobly stood, strong in their faith's Defender,
And shed in freedom's cause their blood, 'midst shouts of "No Surrender!"
Prove worthy of their deathless fame and of the badge you carry,
And be in spirit as in name, true 'Prentice Boys of Derry.

Still celebrate the glorious day, when heaven in tender pity
Drove all your fathers' foes away, and saved the Maiden City;
Still hoist as in the days of old your flag in yonder tower,
Nor ever let its crimson fold be furled by priestly power.

The 'Prentice Boys who actually closed the Gates in 1689.

HENRY CAMPSIE, WILLIAM CROOKSHANKS, ROBERT SHERRARD, DANIEL SHERRARD, ALEXANDER IRWIN, JAMES STEWARD, ROBERT MORRISON, ALEX. CUNNINGHAM, SAMUEL HUNT, JAMES SPIKE, JOHN CUNNINGHAM, WILLIAM CAIRNS, AND SAMUEL HARVEY.—13.

LINES ON THE INITIATION OF A BRO HER.

Welcome! brother, to our band.
Welcome! brother, heart and hand,
True, together we will stand,
Or together fall.

By brave Schomberg's martyr'd fame,
By great William's glorious name,
We are brethern still the same,
Brethren one and all.

THE DUNGANNON HEROES.

BY THOMAS REID.

Draw near all you loyal young heroes, that love for to hear of my song,
Who commemorates our glorious King William, that conquered in crossing the Boyne ;
Let us ever remember those heroes, their enemies for to subdue,
They are the Dungannon young heroes, that love to wear Orange and Blue.

The place we've planted our tree in, it's nourished by nature's good soil,
And will bring forth good fruit in abundance, and doubly repay all our toil ;
And when on the bright sun of summer, the colours will bear a good hue,
We'll be the Dungannon young heroes, that love to wear Orange and Blue.

There is no sign of the roots a decaying, the branches look prosperous and well,
And where there's a branch looks unhealthy, we will graft in a number of ten ;
And when for the time that is coming, our fruit shall be pleasant to view,
We'll still be Dungannon young heroes, that love to wear Orange and Blue.

Since the cause we support doth still flourish, we'll show for the time that's to come,
And we still shall cry out "No Surrender," for the papists before that do run ;
And we'll keep croppies under command, as at Boyne, Derry, and Aughrim, too,
And we'll show that we're Dungannon heroes, that love to wear Orange and Blue.

Come, fill now a glass of good liquor, and drink to the heroes that's gone,
Who, along with our glorious King William, their colours did show at the Boyne ;
And we in the bright sun of July, our colours we'll bear up in view,
To show that we're Dungannon heroes, that love to wear Orange and Blue.

Here's a health to Hill Richardson our Master, and our Deputy's name William Scott,
Likewise a health to Wood Hazleton, and all of that glorious flock :
And here is a health to all members, that wish to keep loyal and true,
To be like a Dungannon young hero, that love to wear Orange and Blue.

OLDEN MEMORIES.

Olden memories, how our spirits,
By your mighty tones are stirred ;
While we feel each pulse within us
Tremble like a prisoned bird.

For there's something in such breathing
Telling us of deeds sublime ;
Deeds heroic, that the seedlets,
Floating down the stream of time.

Haply, when some tossing wavelet
Casts them on the present shore,
In our hearts, to bud and blossom,
There to flower for ever more.

THE REVOLUTION.

March on brave boys, make good your ground,
Let all your sprightly trumpets sound,
To arms, and we will confound,
Those foes to the Revolution.

Great Mars, the monarch of the field,
In shining pomp, with sword and shield,
Shall lead us on, and make them yield,
To the glorious Revolution.

Our rattling guns, like peals of thunder,
Shall fill the foe with fear and wonder,
And keep the Pope and devil under,
And support the Revolution.

May Britain's sons the battle try,
To make these timorous bug-bears fly,
Then will each loyal subject cry,
Success to the Revolution !

THE MURDER OF THE REV. HUGH JOHN BELL, COUNTY CAVAN.

You Protestants of Ireland, that's true unto your cause,
In defence of Queen Victoria, and likewise William's laws—
It's of a cruel murder, as you ever yet heard tell,
Was committed on the body of our worthy Mr. Bell.

It being on the twenty-seventh of June, eighteen hundred and forty-five,
That his death warrant it was signed by that infernal tribe ;
It often makes my heart to ache, and my blood run cold likewise,
To think the Lord would listen unto such a sacrifice.

It was on that Sunday evening, from church returning home.
He methis bloody murderer—to him he was unknown ;
He falsely stepped up to him, and asked the time of day,
Then with a loaded pistol he took his life away.

I can't forget the county boys, was on the road that day,
That did not grip the murderer before he got away ;
Had there been but one "Arch Purpleman" upon the road that day,
With his carbine, he'd have took him down before he got away.

If they escape upon this earth, for shooting Mr. Bell,
They won't escape the second death, the truth to you I tell ;
The Papists that done the deed will be crowded in one place,
Where the Orange blood of Hugh John Bell will stare them in the face.

There is no pardon after death, no time for to repent,
No absolution in the grave, no fasting days in Lent ;
There is no Purgatory, my boys, to purge you of your sins,
Where the priests the candles can't blow out, nor the bells they cannot ring.

You iron cold blood Papists, can't you give to us fair play ?
And don't sneak up behind our backs, our lives to take away ;
Give us one moment's warning, and we're at you to a man,
Then we'll beat you as our fathers did, when often ten to one.

The day then of his funeral, it was a glorious sight,
To see ten thousand Orangemen, with guns and bayonets bright ;
They marched along with fife and drum, but their hearts felt sad and sore,
To lay their master in a tomb, his face to ne'er see more.

Here's a health to Maxwell, as well as Gibson too,
May they be always able Cavan rebels to subdue ;
May they be always able to guard their native land,
To drive the goats out of the sheep, for they'll have on their brand.

Now to conclude and finish, one word more I have to say—
Here's a health to Drumsheen boys, and every hero gay;
May they be always able to guard their country,
To keep down the Pope, the Devil, and Dan, and Roman tyranny.

ST. PATRICK.

Saint Patrick was a gintleman, he came of dacent people,
In Dublin city built a church, and on it placed a steeple;
His father was a Callaghan, his mother was a Brady,
His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy, and his uncle was a Grady.

Success to bold St. Paddy's fisht,
He was the saint so clever;
He gave the toads and snakes a twisht,
And banish'd them for ever.

Nine hundred thousand vipers blue, he charmed with swate discourses,
He dined on them in Killaloo, in soups and second courses;
When the blind worm began to crawl, and to disgust the nation,
He gave them a rise, and opened their eyes, to see their situation.

So success to bold St. Paddy's fisht, &c.

There's not a mile in Ireland's isle, where these dirty varmint mushtered,
Where'er he put his dear fore foot, he murdered them in clusthers;
The frogs went hop, the snakes went flop, slap dash into the wather,
And the beasts committed suicide, to save themselves from slaughther.

So success to bold St. Paddy's fisht, &c.

No wonder that our Irish boys should be so free and frishky,
Saint Paddy taught them first the joys, of dhrinking good old whishky;
No wonder that the Saint himself, to taste it would be willin',
For his mother kept a shebeen shop, in the town of Enniskillen.

So success to bold St. Paddy's fisht, &c.

The Wicklow hills are very high, so is the hill of Howth, Sir,
But there's a hill, much higher still, far higher than them both, Sir;
'Twas on the top of that high hill, Saint Paddy prached the sarmint,
Which dhrove the frogs into the bogs, and smothered all the varmint.

So success to bold Saint Paddy's fisht, &c.

THE FALL OF ROME.

Up with the lily, and down with the keys,
In the city seven hilly, we'll revel at ease ;
Her streets shall be gory, her Tiber all red,
Her temples so hoary, shall echo our tread.

In triumph we'll mount on the walls of old Rome,
And who then shall count on the spoils of her dome ;
Nor sorrow, nor pity, shall breathe on her walls,
When the great harlot city, before the Ark falls.

Thou tow'ring Babel, polluted with crime,
No more art thou able to baffle with time :
Thee, once the world's wonder, the heretics vanquish,
Now treads thy sons under, in sorrow and anguish.

Then up with the lily, and down with the keys,
In Rome the seven hilly, we'll revel at ease ;
Her streets shall be gory, her Tiber all red,
Her temples so hoary, shall echo our tread.

ORANGEMEN, COME ON !

Lo ! the wide horizon glows,
With the watch-fires of your foes,
Lo ! each lighted mountain shows,
Where they bide their time.
Soon shall dawn the fatal day,
Rolling drums and trumpets bray,
Soon shall wake the dreadful fray,
Orangemen, come on !

Who but cowards would hang back ?
Who but traitors would prove slack ?
When to shield her from attack,
Freedom calls her sons.
Rouse ! ye fearless men and true,
Rear the righteous cause anew,
Freedom's latest hopes in view,
Orangemen, come on !

By your dead—your martyr'd dead,
By their blood in torrents shed,
By the murderous bullets sped,
From the foeman's gun.

By your fathers' swords—by all
That their ancient deeds recall,
Boyne's red ford, and Derry's wall,
Orangemen, come on !

From the honours your swords yet keep,
Where the waves on Youghal leap,
To where the Bann is rolling deep,
Down by stout Coleraine.
From the strongholds of the brave,
Schomberg's tomb and Walker's grave,
Erin's proud shore and Lagan's wave,
Orangemen, come on !

Slumber not, your foemen wake,
Soon the fatal morn will brake,
Soon the frightened hills will shake,
With the battle roar,
Linger not, the hour is nigh,
See ! the dawning streaks the sky ;
March ! "No Surrender !" win or die,
Orangemen, come on !

INTRODUCTION TO THE CHARTER TOAST.

Orangemen, we a tribute owe,
Which we will pay while veins do flow,
Hearts in concord now echo,
In joyous memory.

Sing of William great and true,
To whom our sacred rights are due,
And ne'er forget the chosen few,
His glorious memory.

Greet the days of happy yore,
Laud that era evermore,
Which wafted Nassau to our shore,
To banish slavery.

Boundless thanks, his deeds transcend,
Those in honour we'll defend,
And coward hosts who dare suspend
Their ancient pedigree.

You'd cry, revere the blood once shed,
Support the cause for which they bled,
O, never concede till life is fled,
The glorious memory.

Sanguine strife may swell and rage,
Traitors' bands fierce warfare wage,
Yet we'll hand to the latest age,
This crest in blazonry.

Loyal fervor ever boast,
And 'mid the din of rebel host
Undaunted give the Charter toast,
The glorious memory.

WILLIAM'S CHOSEN FEW.

AIR. "*Battle of Stewartstown.*"

Ye Orangemen of each degree, praise God who did you send
The mighty William of Nassau, our rights for to defend;
Who confounded every Popish plot, and with vengeance did pursue,
That wicked band throughout the land, all for the Chosen Few.

When Popery in all its dread, arrayed against us were,
Designed and deemed by hell's intent, our brethren to ensnare;
But when King William did appear, their schemes he overthrew,
And to shades beneath he sent them low, all for his Chosen Few.

At the hero's word, each Briton bold, like lions fought their way,
And William's cry was, "Britons, die! or else redeem the day;"
With that we gave three loud huzzas, the word was to pursue;
The rebel's cry was "Run or die, for here's the Chosen Few."

Whilst through the flood, in fire and blood, each Briton fought along,
And plunged into the rapid Boyne: brave William led the van;
The glory of each Briton's soul was then for to pursue,
In immortal fame, the day was gained by William's Chosen Few.

As we are then the Chosen Few, brave boys do not despair,
Though by enemies we're surrounded, we're the Lord's peculiar care;
Fear not the Pope, nor e'en the De'il, nor all that wicked crew,
But George's laws and William's cause, defend with our Chosen Few,

Let numbers be e'er great or few—depend not in a throng,
The race is never with the swift, nor battle with the strong ;
Beware of all the Carmelites, their vows they will break through,
Be this our plan, admit no man not worthy the Chosen Few.

Fill now your glasses to the brim, and merrily toast around,
That loyalty, life, and harmony, amongst us may abound.
To God above the praise we'll give, to whom all praise is due ;
Drink Nassau William's health, my boys, and his Chosen Few.

THE BANNER OF THE SUN.

When Europe from the troubled sleep of tyranny and night
Awoke, she sought the open fields of Liberty and Light ;
But rolling clouds obscured her path, in darkness still upborne,
And a heavy mountain shadow gloomed upon the infant morn.
And spirits of the night combined to intercept her way,
Then she called aloud for succour from the children of the day ;
When lo ! a band of valiant knights did to her rescue run,
And with shouts of joy unfurled the Banner of the Sun.

Its morning dew-bespangled folds then fluttered in the wind,
And gladdened freedom's friends, and struck her adversaries blind ;
The sun enamelled lily did its summer tints disclose,
And in its cup of burnished gold, it pledged the blushing rose.
Like lightning on the tempest flung, the vivid flash of light,
Soon struck the bloody Alva down, and put the foe to flight ;
And Philip's Spanish butchers found, a bloody path to run,
Before the heroes who had raised, the Banner of the Sun.

When Britain trembled on the brink of ruin and dismay,
And a craven-hearted bigot did her liberties betray ;
Hope's rosy arch had faded, and freedom hung her head,
While owlets in gloomy cowls presided, o'er the by gone dead.
The purest breeze that ever flew, on Britain's Isle before,
High lifted up the golden sign, to waft it to the shore ;
It was then her best and boldest sons, did to the standard run,
And planted on her loftiest hills, the Banner of the Sun.

The conscience-stricken tyrant beheld the golden star,
Like a baleful omen gleaming on his fortunes from afar ;
He paled before its splendour, and was sickened at the sight,
Like him who trembled at the sun, and shivered in its light.
Then every cloud was scattered, that had gathered o'er the field,
And soon the gorgeous radiance, did a golden harvest yield ;
The priest-be-ridden Stuart fled, felt his race was nearly run,
For his crown was hurled down before the Banner of the Sun.

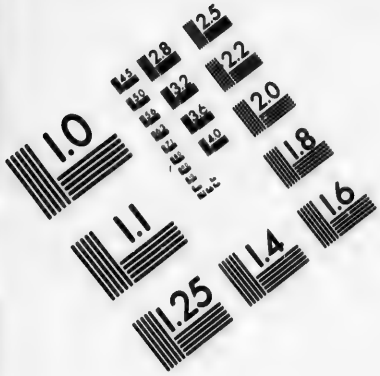
Then a burst of its outshining, did a crimson lustre cast,
Upon a shrine of Freedom, that was hallowed in the West ;
Where a Spartan band of heroes, lo the tyrant's march opposed,
And a "Marathon" against him fast her iron portals closed.
His wrathful sheet of shot and shell, they answered with three cheers,
And the cry of "No Surrender," loud sounded in his ears ;
Till Heaven's hand constrained him, from the Citadel to run,
And planted on its virgin walls, the Banner of the Sun.

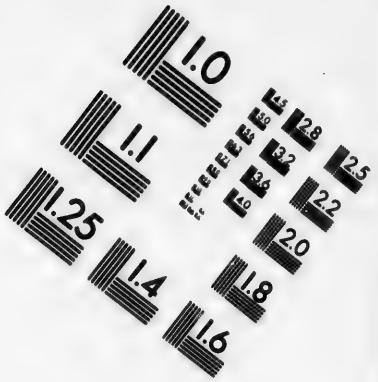
O Erin ! what immortal fame has gathered round thy bro
Where thine was yet the battle field where followed up the blow ;
The brightest sun burst of thy skies resplendently did shine,
Where that symbol was reflected in the waters of the Boyne.
The summer beam that joyously then danced upon the wave,
Was mirrored in the falchions of the boldest of the brave ;
And green, for ever green, shall be the laurels which were won
By the men who fought and triumphed 'neath the Banner of the Sun.

And though that banner well may blush for many a recreant son
Of fathers who such glories for unworthy children won ;
Though traitors and apostates foul, would its *prestige* degrade,
And selfish ones, for lucre's sake, would cast it in the shade,
Yet hallowed is the golden pledge, with which we'll never part,
As thousands press its crumpled folds still closer to the heart ;
And blessed be the fingers which its orange threads have spun,
And guarded is the shrine that holds the Banner of the Sun.

Though quenched its hues in night should be, with morning 'twill arise,
Eternal as the sunshine is and lofty as the skies ;
And should another James again our liberties oppose,
A secret worth the knowing will that cherished thing disclose.
Again above the free and brave the sign will be unfurled,
And with a morning's brilliancy 'twill burst upon the world ;
Again beneath its golden wings shall liberty be won,
Or, its bearer's winding sheet shall be, the Banner of the Sun.

Immortal as Boyne's running stream, and as its water's pure,
Its hero's pious memory through ages shall endure ;
"The Band," "The Banner," and "The Boyne," "The Battle," and
the day,
In freedom's holy calendar shall consecrated be.
A paradise of fame shall throw around its floral bloom,
And roses shall their fragrance cast upon the victor's tomb,
And glory's far reflected ray down distant time shall run,
To gild their names who fought around the Banner of the Sun.





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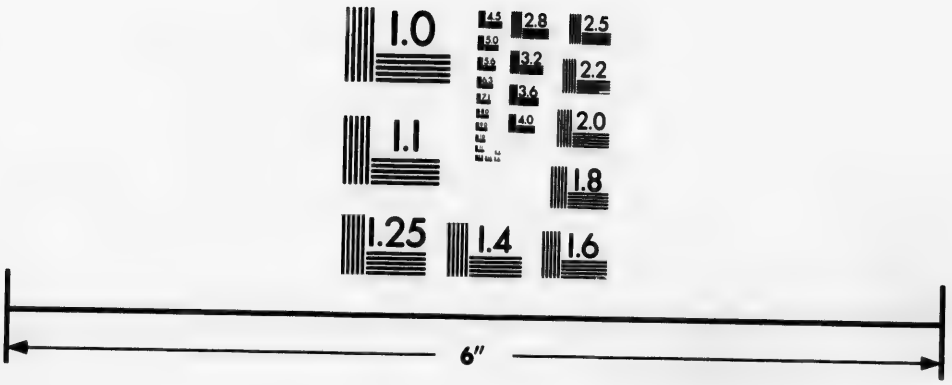

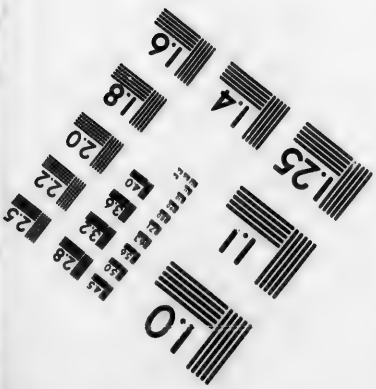

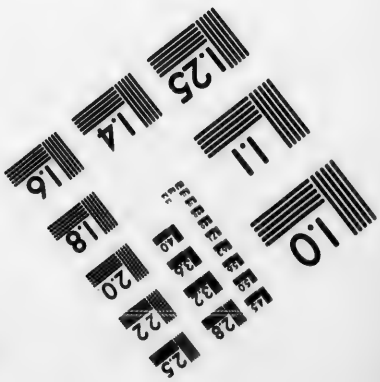

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WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

THE BREAKING OF THE BOOM.

There bursts a sound of gladness from the "Maiden City" walls,
On hearts bowed down with sadness the joyous echo falls;
It tells them that assistance even now is on the way,
For yonder in the distance the ships are in the bay.

What shouts of exultation rise from that vast multitude,
Though dying from starvation they long had nobly stood;
Their homes, their faith defending, the soil on which they trod,
They'd save or die contending for their altars and their God.

They had heard their children crying in piteous tones for bread,
They had seen those loved ones lying with the cold and silent dead;
Stones might have wept in pity at those sights and sounds of woe,
Yet still the "Maiden City" flung defiance at the foe.

United to defend her there were hearts that knew no fear,
Hearts scorning to surrender the rights they held so dear;
To heaven their cause commending, a noble stand they made,
And now kind heaven is sending the long expected aid.

Now to the ramparts flying the excited people throng,
The feeble and the dying by friends are borne along;
With shouts of wild emotion the echoing walls resound,
As o'er the swelling ocean the gallant vessels bound.

But hark! what sound is stealing that seems a knell of doom,
In tones of anguished feeling are gasped the words, "The Boom;"
'Midst the first gush of gladness forgotten it had been,
But now a veil of sadness falls o'er the joyous scene.

Still on the ships are speeding across the dashing wave,
The gallant "Browning" leading to victory or the grave;
He cannot be a stranger to the snares the foe have laid,
Oh, no! he braves the danger, and trusts in heaven for aid.

Fly to the Old Church Tower and unfurl your banner there,
And in this thrilling hour pour forth your hearts in prayer;
Soon is the beacon blazing, its light spreads far and wide,
And feeble hands are raising the banner of their pride.

What tides of mingled feeling in every breast contend,
As on the ramparts kneeling, to Heaven their prayers ascend;
Yes, still on God relying, they trust to Him their fate,
As when their foes defying they closed their fortress gate.

The evening light is waning, the eastern radiance dies,
While eagerly are straining weary and tear-dimmed eyes;
Hark! to the cannon pealing from yonder hostile shore,
Each vivid flash revealing the vessels near Culmore.

Praise be to God for ever "onward, unharmed," they come,
But now, Oh now! or never, they're close upon "the Boom;"
Half hoping, half despairing, the watchers gasp for breath,
Now, for one deed of daring, for victory or death.

One gaze, no word is spoken, then one heartrending groan,
"The Boom," the Boom is broken; but helpless as a stone
From that fierce shock rebounding the "Mountjoy" stranded lies,
While the shores surrounding wild shouts of triumph rise.

On deck the captain standing, he lifts his heart in prayer,
Then in a voice commanding he bids his men prepare;
Soon are the cannon pealing, the curling smoke mounts high,
The vessels quite concealing from many an anxious eye.

One moment, oh! how thrilling, then loud tremendous cheers,
The wind her canvas filling, "The Mountjoy" re-appears;
"That broadside," Walker shouted, "decides our fate to-day,
Hurrah! our foes are routed! Derry and victory!"

Strange sounds are wildly swelling upon the evening air,
Of heart felt rapture telling mingled with praise and prayer;
Their gates now open flinging, no more of foes afraid,
While joyous peals are ringing to hail the coming aid.

Lines on the Above.

Undaunted Derry! never more shall thy remembrance die,
Thy name shall live for ever enshrined in memory;
Through all succeeding ages thy heroes names shall stand,
Enrolled in history's pages the honoured of the land. T. R.

OLD IRELAND'S BRAVE ORANGE BOYS.

May it still be remembered by each Orangeman,
The Twelfth of July being the Battle of the Boyne,
When the Orange and Purple bright colours did shine,
By the brave Orange Boys of Old Ireland—
Old Ireland's brave Orange Boys.

Our glorious commander, being inspired from above,
On the banks of a river his troops down did move;
Like a general of old, his valour to prove,
By the brave Orange Boys of Old Ireland—
Old Ireland's brave Orange Boys.

The battle being fought, and the day it was won,
Where a great sign and passport was given each man,
That they might know each other for the times to come,
By the brave Orange Boys of Old Ireland—
Old Ireland's brave Orange Boys.

Come all you worthy brethren, that do not disdain
Of getting your robes washed pure, white, and clean ;
That it might be an honour conferred on the same,
By the brave Orange Boys of Old Ireland—
Old Ireland's brave Orange Boys.

Now all you worthy brethren that remain in the dark,
Come, join and learn all things concerning the Ark,
That you may be called the Royal Arch Mark,
By the brave Orange Sons of Old Ireland—
Old Ireland's brave Orange Sons.

When this you receive, I'm sure you'll not stop,
And its for the next Order I'm sure you'll not drop ;
It's my life for yours ! shall be the next prop,
By the brave Orange Boys of Old Ireland—
Old Ireland's brave Orange Boys.

THE BAN.

Mr. Flaherty O'Regan, having heard the Ban, and having a natural taste for poetry, thought it might read as follows :—

Holy Father Bourget, at his palace on Sunday,
Delivered this sermon to Johnny Baptaste ;
Arrah, Johnny you thief, may you choke before Monday,
You desarve to be hanged, I say, Johnny at laste.

To think that you'd go to hear heretic prachers,
Despisin' the holy commands of your praste,
And lavin' the Church of your own holy tachers,
For a haythen apostate and heretic baste.

Cursed be Johnny Baptaste in his atin' and drinkin',
In whatever he does, and wherever he goes ;
In sleepin' and wakin', in sneezin' and winkin',
In scratchin' his head, or in parin' his toes.

All sorts of bad luck and misfortune attind him,
May he never ate pork all the rest of his life;
May he sup of affliction, and then, divil send him
The vagabond's portion of hunger and strife.

May sarpents and divils his last moments worry,
May he die without hope as he lived without grace;
And when his sowl starts for the regions of glory,
May he find hiven's door will be slammed in his face.

And that blackguard, heretic, Protestant paper,
With its *Frinch column trap* for poor innocent sowls;
May the writer, bad luck to him! soon in hell caper,
On earth may his carcass be food for the owls.

The curse of all curses, with bell, book, and candle,
Attind him and all that are with him in sin;
May their pockets be empty, their fingers ne'er handle,
A penny or shillin', forever, Amin.

N. C. M.—*Montreal Witness.*

REBEL'S MELODY.

1ST AIR: "*Sailors' Journal.*"

Attend, my friends, to what I say—the story's true and well worth knowing.
It was on the twenty-third of May, that Ireland's foes rose in rebellion;
United villains long combined, in murderous plots with hidden arms;
Our country's ruin they designed, but Providence kept us from harm.

2ND AIR: "*Black Joke.*"

Fathers Murphy and Roach called these people together,
Bid them haste to the camp as they now had fine weather,
To learn the use of the murderous pike.
"Make haste, boys, your fortunes you'll make in a jiffey,
You shall have all the land from the "Boyne" to the "Liffey."
Set in case that as how you rob, murder, and plunder,
And show them we'll keep all damned heretics under,
And welcome the French with paternal embrace."

3RD AIR: "*Heaving the Lead.*"

Great groups of wretches soon appear, their horrid murders soon began,
The tender wife and infant dear were slaughtered by their hellish hands;
"By our pike die! by our pike die!"
In vain did each for mercy plead; with horrid yells the Crops they cried,
"By our pikes die!"

4TH AIR: "*Norah-Kreena.*"

Father Roach cries out, "make haste my people,
We'll burn the church, church-yard, and steeple,
We'll show the blackguards that we're not feeble,
As we'll fight for the French and the rights of the people.
Shoulder your pikes well, we'll march to glory,
As your holy commander, I'll march before ye,
And your body and sowl I'll lead to glory,
And drive the damned heretics all before ye."

CHORUS—Sing, hurrah, Phiticush, my Norah Kreena,
Make me your King and Norah Queena;
Then under a hedge or a field that's greena,
How I'll towsel and kiss my Norah Kreena.

5TH AIR: "*Over the Hills.*"

Off then marched this rebelly crew, without either stockings, shirt or shoe,
O'er barren mountains, shaking bogs, to starve in swamps like stinking hogs;
But when the sound of Royal drum assails their ears, like rats they run,
Nor mind Priest Roach, who halts to pray, but fly o'er the hills and far away.

6TH AIR: "*Katty Flannigan.*"

"Arrah, stop! all you fools; arrah, stop! I desire,
'Tis Father Murphy bids you stop, who disregards all their fire;
You see their cannon and their guns, I value not a pin;
Let them fire away, for I'm a saint,
Let them fire away, for I'm a saint.
Their balls can't pierce my skin."

7TH AIR: "*Croppies lie down.*"

Then quick from his pockets some bullets he drew,
To show to his croppies what he said was true;
"See here how they're flattened and bruised on all sides,
Where they hopped with such force on my Catholic hide."
But just as he spoke a true heretic shot
Drove a ball through his body and down the saint dropped.
He fell down, down, poor Murphy fell down.

To see him lie dead put the boys in a fright,
And like scarecrows and vultures, they all took to flight,
Each swearing old Murphy had humbugged them nice,
As they'd ne'er been rebels but for his advice ;
While others cried out, "Let Priest Roach lead the way."
But, alas ! he was taken and hanged the same day.
Now they're all down, down, the croppies are down.

8TH AIR : "*Peggy Bawn.*"

"Arrah, boys ! I'm your old schoolmaster,
Now attend to what I say :
Take your hooks and cut the corn,
Take your scythes and mow the hay ;
Give up your pikes where'r they be,
And return to your farm ;
There's mercy now for all, you see,
So secure yourselves from harm."

9TH AIR : "*Cameronian Reel.*"

"Arrah, husht ! you fool, hold your tongue,
Sure we mean to get protection ;
For though we have such murders done,
They dare not make objection.
Ogh ! Corney Wallis is the man,
Arrah, Paddy, match him if you can ;
By my sowl, he fixed a Murnoagh plan,
For our oath to them is but a sham ;
Then boldly swear,
That we're sincere,
But never fear,
We'll find a day to match them."

10TH AIR : "*Lillibolero.*"

"Arrah, boys ! now success, the day is our own,
Our friends are all landed at "Killala bay,"
You see the convention, and sweet Mr. Rowan,
Has now kept their promise, though they're far away.
Water, water, great pitchers of water,
Bring none but what's holy to sprinkle our friends,
Though their looks are so meagre, you see they are eager,
Our King to dethrone and our country to rend."

11TH AIR : "*Rule Britannia.*"

Haste ! haste ! Hibernia, your yeomen all advance,
And show all England's foes that we can beat both them and France,
Make fly all rebel traitors who their country would betray,
And the French shall see that we can fight by land as well as sea.
Rouse, Hibernia ! Hibernia, rouse and sing,
Prosperity attend our isle, and may
"God save the King."

TYRONE'S ESKERMORE.

Come, Tyrone's gay lads and lassies, friends to country and their king,
Fill up high your sparkling glasses, whilst the happy day I sing;
Britain's bravest sons of glory would rejoice to hear our corps
Sing the Boyne's heroic story o'er the fields of Eskermore.

Rain at first the morning clouded, scarce a sunbeam shewed a ray,
Whilst some strangers round us crowded, cried: "You cannot walk to-day;"
But their hopes to sorrow changing—Phœbus bright began to rise
O'er the clouds above us raging, clearing up the purple skies.

Then our lovely banner streaming, 'twas most beautiful to view,
Loyalty like sunshine beaming from the eyes of each true blue;
Straight to Ballygawley walking in our ornaments we march,
Laughing, singing, smiling, talking, as we hail our Orange Arch.

Six-and-thirty flags attended, floating gaily on the breeze;
Sir John Stewart our lads commanded. "Grand," said he, "are sights like these."
He saluted all men present; fifes and drums made martial sound;
All was joyous, gay and pleasant, sweet the scene that smiled around.

On before us, bold as Hector, marched a sprout of William's breed,
Eskermore's renowned protector, youthful, blooming, brave Sam Reid;
He's a steady, stout commander, fit to face great George's foe,
When, with heart like Alexander, to the tented field he'd go.

While King William's praise we chanted; William, wise, and good an great,
John Gillespie's hand undaunted William's flag did elevate;
All spectators, eyes amazing, splendid waved the Orange flag,
Old and young in rapture gazing, Eskermore had cause to brag.

Old Knockmany rung with cheering, as when in Tryconnel's days,
David Cairn's, the rebels routed, gaining Londonderry's praise;
Gervaise, brave, serenely dwelling in old David's lofty seat,
Heard our song, the breezes swelling, William's conquest celebrate.

Gentlemen, fill up your glasses; pledge to bold Sir Harcourt Lee,
His desert all praise surpasses, hearts like his will never freeze;
Fill to Saurin and Lord Manners, Lord Combermere and Farnham brave,
Paint Earl O'Neill upon your banners, he would die your cause to save.

Toast Lord Kenyon, firm and steady, Eldon's Earl to Brunswick true,
Maxwell, Hill and Verner ready, still to cheer the blooming blue;
Londonderry has our praises, Enniskillen claims renown,
When the Pope rebellion raises, Ulster's heroes put them down.

On the fifth of next November to your temples, freemen, throng,
Here you may by law remember the great subject of my song;
Thanks then give for two great blessings, gained by Britain's church and crown,
Better this than statue dressing, on which whigs and bigots frown.

A WORD IN SEASON.

AIR: "*Kelvin Grove.*"

Are you arming brother Protestants, are you arming for the fray,
Have you resolved on victory, and crushing papal sway;
And do you dare, in solemn trust upon the King of kings,
To fight your battles underneath the shadow of His wings?

Have you thought, you patient Protestants, how you have been betrayed,
By rulers who of all your truth a jest and mockery made;
And think you 'tis *for them* you arm, *for them* you strive and fight?
No, no! but *for your own loved homes*, in which your hearts delight.

But never, fellow-Protestants, a hollow peace proclaim,
With traitor rulers who have flung base insults on your name;
Never take off your caps and shout "Glory to British sway,"
'Till England gives you back your own, and turns from Rome away.

Why! why, oh Protestants, should we be taxed to pay a host
Of priests, to spit and trample on the truth we value most;
To teach sedition, blasphemy, and crime to all their slaves,
Why! why should we be forced to rear this gang of priestly knaves.

No! no! we only stand for truth, for God, and Fatherland;
For virtue, justice, liberty, and the loved social band;
For faith, for laws, for principle, this to the death we'll do,
And, THEN, for England, if she plays a part so holy too.

But rather let rebellion come, with its dark train of woes,
And rather see the weapons shine, in hands of deadly foes,
Than that degenerate Protestants, should kiss the garment's hem—
Of rulers who have aimed false blows, and treacherous stabs at them.

Then be armed, brother Protestants, be ready and be bold,
'Quit you like men, be strong, be brave, like your great sires of old;
And by the help, and in the strength, of the great God of heaven,
Your foes shall, as by lightning flash, be into pieces riven.

THE BOYNE WATER.

July the first of a morning clear, one thousand six hundred and ninety,
King William did his men prepare, of thousands he had thirty,
To fight King James and all his men, encamped near the Boyne water,
He little feared, though two to one, their multitudes to scatter.

King William called his officers, saying, "Gentlemen, mind your station,
And let your valour here be shown before this Irish nation;
My brazen walls let no man break, and your subtle foes you'll scatter,
Be sure you show brave English play as you go o'er the water."

His officers they bowed full low in token of subjection,
And said, "My liege, you need not fear; we'll follow your direction."
He wheeled his horse, the "Haut boys" played; drums they did beat and rattle,
And "Lillibolero" they did play a going down to battle.

Both horse and foot they marched o'er, intending them to batter,
But brave "Duke Schomberg" was no more by venturing o'er the water.
When that King William he perceived the brave Duke Schomberg falling,
He reigned his horse with a heavy heart on the Enniskillen's calling.

"What will you do for me, brave boys? Yonder's our men retreating
Our enemies encouraged are, our English drums are beating;
I'll go before and lead you on! Boys, use your hands full nimble,
With the help of God we'll beat them all, and make their hearts to tremble."

The Enniskilleners did not know it was their king spoke to them,
But when informed of their mistake they bowed full low unto him:
"*We'll go before; stay you behind, and do not cross the water*,
Old Britain's lamp we'll make to shine, and our enemies we'll scatter."

We formed our bodies at the ford, and o'er the stream did swatter,
For each man grasped his fellow fast as he did cross the water.
But, oh! my stars! had you been there, when we their trench came under,
Sulphur and smoke did darken the air, the elements did thunder.

King William then did first advance, where bullets sharp did rattle,
Enniskillen men bore noble hands, and soon renewed the battle;
For, lion-like, they made them run, like chaff they made them scatter,
With them brave William pressed his way that day at the Boyne water.

We wheeled about, our foes to flank, intending them to batter,
And hastily they did us espy, and soon we made them scatter;

"O-ri ! O-ri !" says Dermott Roe, "Oh, help ! dear lady Mary,
Or, by my faith, we're all dead men if here we longer tarry."

My Lord Gilmoy within a crack on our fore front advanced,
Both great and gay, in rich array like Prince's sons, high pranced ;
In a full body they came down, their captain, their contriver,
With whip and spur most Jehu-like, as the devil had been their driver.

Within four yards of our fore-front, before a shot was fired,
A sudden snuff they got that day which little they desired ;
Both horse and men fell to the ground, and some hung in the saddle,
Others turned up their forked end, which we call "Coup-de-ladle."

I never saw, nor never knew, men that for blood so gasped,
And I am sure that never three from ten of them escaped ;
For aye the faster that we shot, the faster they did scatter,
They little thought to leave their bones that day at the Boyne Water.

Then a French regiment by this time, on our fore-front advanced,
Both great and gay, in truth I say—like princes' sons they pranced ;
We "formed." The French upon our left, and some of them did batter
We made them all as Frenchmen fall, that day at the Boyne Water.

Both horse and foot fell to the ground, and many there lay bleeding,
I saw no sickles there that day, but sure there was clean shearing ;
For aye the faster that we shot, the faster they did scatter,
And sudden death seized man and horse that day at the Boyne Water.

Prince Eugene's regiment was the next, on our right hand advanced,
Into a field of standing wheat, where Irish horses pranced ;
But the brandy ran so in their heads, their senses soon did scatter,
And Fermanagh's sons they made them fly that day at the Boyne Water

This was the third assault they made, thinking their foes to scatter,
For here they got a dismal stroke, and their bones left at the Water ;
The Irish Papists ran first away, the French soon followed after,
And he that got the furthest away was happiest at the Water.

They threw away both fife and drum, and firelocks from their shoulders,
King William's men pushed very hard to let them smell their powder ;
For aye the faster that we shot, the faster they did scatter,
For Enniskillen's bravest sons cleared them from the Boyne Water.

Had Enniskillen men got leave when they their foes defeated,
For to pursue their victory, in honour they had gained ;
Ten thousand Brougeineers and more, they ne'er had bred much cumber
For James' men made head again by only third part of their number.

Now praise God all true Protestants, the heaven's and earth's creator,
For the deliverance that He sent, our enemies to scatter;
The church's foes will pass away like churlish-hearted Nabal,
For our deliverance came this day like the great Zerubbabel.

So praise God all true Protestants, and I will say no further,
Than that had the Papists gained the day there would have been open murder;
Although King James and many more were ne'er that way inclined,
It was not in their power to stop what the rabble they designed.

THE PROTESTANT DRUM.

AIR: "*Lillibolero.*"

Let the fifth of November ne'er be forgot,
When Heaven espoused the Protestant cause;
Gustavus Adolphus the gunpowder plot,
And Frederick's victory over Souboise.

Praised! praised! Heaven be praised,
That we have seen the day that is come;
To shake the foundations of three potent nations,
That quake at the sound of a Protestant drum.

News came to the Pope that the Germans were broke,
Just as he was sitting down to his tea;
He let fall cup and saucer, which cost a "piastor,"
And cried, "My dear Cardinals what shall I say?"

Go to St. Peter, or send him a letter,
And tell him if ever he loved me to run;
And if he don't come soon, to send good St. Dustan,
To break out the head of this Protestant Drum.

These Protestant's sure are in league with the devil,
Or where should all these victories come?
The prayers of the Mass are falling apace,
And Heaven itself contending with Rome.

Water! water! more holy water,
To sprinkle my Catholics every one;
And get us more crosses, to make up our losses,
And knock out the head of this Protestant Drum.

THE ORANGE BANNER.

Come, shake forth the banner, let northern winds blow,
  She hath blazed over Erin three ages or more ;
Through danger we'll hold her, the fewer the bolder,
  As constant and true as our fathers before.

The bright Orange banner, the ensign of honour,
  Waves o'er the heads of true Protestants still ;
Ho ! Orangemen rally, from mountain and valley,
  Around the old flagstaff on liberty's hill.

"On the broad stone of honour" that flagstaff is founded,
Deep, deep ! in the sure rock of ages below ;
It stood when rebellion's wild tempest resounded,
  And shall stand by God's grace though again it should blow.

Then hoist the bright banner, the ensign of honour,
  Let northern winds fan her, up, up, and away ;
To papist and "Faitour," to tyrant and traitor,
  We'll shake forth the old flag of defiance, hurrah !

FILL THE SPARKLING GOBLET HIGH.

Fill the sparkling goblet high,
  William's cause inspires us ;
Wheel the circling bowl around,
  William's memory fires us.

"Life and love," the proverb says,
  "Life is but a feather ;"
Sworn to love while life remains,
  We're brethren all together.

The mystic tie that binds our hearts,
  No ages shall dissever ;
The ray divine that lights our souls,
  Shall beam in us for ever.

Life and love, &c,

George and William's royal names,
  With glory still we crown them ;
But care and strife, like Pharoah's hosts,
  In a true Red Sea we'll drown them.

"Life and love," the proverb says,
  "Life is but a feather ;"
Sworn to love while life remains,
  We're brethren altogether.

OH! THE DAYS ARE GONE.

Oh ! the days are gone when Orangemen were loyalty's theme,
But may we ever hope to see those cheering days again ;
Yes ! we may see them bright return, and hail the happy hour,
When popish clouds shall pass away, that now so darkly lour.

When popish clouds, &c.

Our banner bright we'll then unfurl, and loud to all proclaim,
That Orange loyalty is still, "Come weal, come woe," the same ;
Our cause is truth, our brotherhood, no time or change can sever,
Our bond is registered above, and cancelled can be never.

Our bond is registered, &c.

Then let us quaff the cheering bowl, and pledge the brotherhood,
Whose principles are UNITY, because their cause is good ;
But while we thus enjoy ourselves, our friends should understand,
That "Justice truth and Loyalty," still guards the city grand.

That "Justice true," &c.

THE SOUL THAT ONCE IN POPISH CAUSE.

AIR : *"The Harp that once through Tara's Hall."*

The soul that once in Popish cause our blood in torrents shed,
Again the sword to smite us draws ; but will we shrink with dread ?
No, never ! for our faith and king o'er Popery's dark grave,
The song of triumph we will sing, the flag of triumph wave.

Tho' "Den's" vile doctrine be upheld, religion still to nurse,
The cause of truth shall not be quelled, albeit the priests may curse ;
"Pure is our creed,"—our faith sincere and bigot ire is vain,
With Heaven to aid, no priests we fear, nor fiend of Derrynane.

Can Protestants look tamely on and see their faith reviled ?
Is honour from their standard gone, and are they, too, defiled ?
No ! faithful to the secret trust of which we are the guard,
No Jesuit craft or priestly lust religion shall retard.

The light of Scripture spreads abroad, reaction's voice is loud,
By craven Rome we're not o'erawed, nor dread its murderous crowd ;
Then let our Orange banner wave, our souls be firm and true,
Who finds in God's own cause a grave shall find salvation too.

THE TWELFTH OF JULY AT THE BOYNE.

AIR : "*Dunois, the brave.*"

When William fired with glory's cause, crossed the Boyne's silver flood,
And freed us from our Popish laws and nobly shed his blood ;
For us he braved the raging sea, 'twas in our cause he bled.
"Death ! death !" he cried, "or victory !" and on his troops he led.

Then swift before his conquering arm James and his legions flew,
Nor priest, nor mass, nor Pope could harm the hero of true blue ;
He fought and conquered, glorious day on which he set us free,
Triumphant rise each Orange lay, and bless his memory.

Go, fame, thy glorious trumpet sound, let angels join the theme,
And earth, and sky, and sea resound, in praise of William's name ;
Yes, fame ! thy golden trumpet sound, and all the nations fill,
From pole to pole the theme resound, "The Orange triumph still !"

THERE'S A GRAND DAY COMING, BOYS.

AIR : "*There's a good time coming, Boys.*"

There's a grand day coming, boys, a grand day coming ;
Yes, quickly will arrive that day, and glorious truth shall have the sway,
In the grand day coming.
Romish fraud may thwart our cause, but truth's a weapon stronger,
And it shall rule the universe when Rome shall be no longer.

CHORUS.—There's a grand day coming, boys,
A grand day coming ;
There's a grand day coming, boys,
When Rome shall be no longer.

There's a grand day coming, boys, a grand day coming ;
The Pope shall have no regal chair, for truth shall trumph everywhere,
In the grand day coming.
The Lord alone shall be the King, than pontiff He is stronger,
His word shall be our lamp and guide, when Rome shall be no longer.

There's a grand day coming, boys, &c.

There's a grand day coming, boys, a grand day coming,
When all the human family shall—glorious thought—be pure and free,
In the grand day coming.
When every fresh'ning breeze that blows makes love of freedom stronger,
When Antichrist shall be dethroned, and Rome shall be no longer.

There's a good time coming, boys, &c.

There's a grand day coming, boys, a grand day coming,
Children round their parents' knee, shall sing in richest melody,
In the grand day coming.
They shall raise their voices too, with those less sweet yet stronger,
And thank the Lord that fraud and crime, and Rome shall be no longer.

There's a good time coming, boys, &c.

There's a grand day coming, boys, a grand day coming,
The blood-stained flag of Popery long in the dust shall trodden be,
In the grand day coming.
Love for God's word, His truth and love, shall every day grow stronger,
And men will worship Him aright when Rome shall be no longer.

There's a grand day coming, boys, &c.

There's a grand day coming, boys, a grand day coming ;
Traitors then shall be put down, and Christ alone shall wear the crown,
In the grand day coming.
Faith and hope and charity shall in men's hearts be stronger,
And peace her olive branch shall weave, when Rome shall be no longer.

There's a grand day coming, boys, &c.

There's a grand day coming, boys, a grand day coming,
The people will be Christians all, and Babylon the Great shall fall,
In the grand day coming.
The martyr's faith than Popish fires, had been of old found stronger ;
God give us grace to strive like them, till Rome shall be no longer.

There's a grand day coming, boys, &c.

There's a grand day coming, boys, a grand day coming,
In the city, in the field ; war or peace, we'll never yield,
For OUR day is coming,
Not in strength of man, but God, who can the weak make stronger,
We here proclaim "No peace with Rome," till Rome shall be no longer

There's a grand day coming, boys,
There's a grand day coming,
There's a grand day coming, boys,
When Rome shall be no longer.

THE ORANGE AND BLUE.

AIR: *The Red, White, and Blue.*

The red cloud of war over Europe,
In rapine and carnage has burst;
And the fair classic plains of Italia,
With the horrors of warfare are cursed.
But peace shall still shine on our nation,
If her sons to themselves but prove true;
While of loyalty's shrine, the foundation,
Is reared on the Orange and Blue.

The thrones of the continent tremble,
Revolution is yoking his car;
And despots their myriads assemble,
To join in the horrors of war.
But based on the firm rock of ages,
Is built our allegiance so true;
And the hope of the brave sons of Erin,
Shall rest on the Orange and Blue.

Like a rotten old trunk of the forest,
The Papacy reels to its fall;
And the doom of the sons of perdition,
With horror the world shall appal.
But the *Ark* of our faith shall be guided,
The wild storm of anarchy through;
While overwhelmed are the foes who derided,
The cause of the Orange and Blue.

In the days of our fathers a deluge,
Of rebellion the land did o'erflow;
And the course where it swept was denoted,
By death, desolation, and woe.
But its torrent was stemmed by the purest
Of Erin's brave children, though few;
And the first in their ranks and the surest,
Were the wearers of Orange and Blue.

The demon of popish rebellion,
Again would his orgies begin;
And the slave of a vile superstition,
Would rival the Sepoys in sin.
But the old Orange sons of Old Erin,
The fight of the free shall renew;
And the cowardly traitors shall vanish,
At the sight of the Orange and Blue.

All hail! to our grand institution,
May its members in virtue increase;
May its numbers ne'er know diminution,
May it flourish in honour and peace.
May the young and the old generation,
With its faith and its precepts imbue;
Till the whole of this Protestant nation,
Shall be proud of the Orange and Blue.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.

AIR: "*Logie o' Buchan.*"

St. Bartholomew's Day, we have noted the time,
So fearfully dark in the annals of crime,
When France saw her thousands who worshipped the Lord,
Fall! hewn to the ground by Rome's treacherous sword;
When her bloodhounds raged fire to unpeople the land,
When a king on his flock turned his butchering hand,
When the young and the old, with the timid and brave,
Undistinguished, were cast into one common grave.

Thou smilest, proud harlot! perchance at the thought,
Which Bartholomew's Day to our memory has brought,
And high on the throne, in thy purple and pride,
The woes of our martyrs can'st calmly deride;
But deep on thine head lies the guilt of that day,
The shriek of the dying has not passed away;
The cry of their blood has ascended to Heaven,
And a day for dread vengeance will surely be given.

Strongly flushed is thy cheek, but it is not with wine,
Thine hand grasps a cup, and thy brow bears a sign,
Thy eyes glare with hatred, thy proud lips are curled,
With a smile of contempt which defies the whole world
But, mark it! thou drunken with holiest blood,
The day of the plagues will come in like a flood;
The year of the Lord's purchased people draws nigh,
And the light of his coming will flash in thine eye.

We look on the blood which thy right hand hath spilt,
We say for our martyrs, you'll mourn for your guilt,
Though thy brow be as brass, and thy heart be as steel,
Though thou laugh at our words, for thy woes we can feel;
The smoke of thy flame to the sky will ascend,
The shrieks of thy tortures the deep hell will rend,
While loud "Hallelujahs" triumphant proclaim,
God hath punished thy guilt and avenged His great name.

THE PROTESTANT BOYS.—(*New Version.*)

The Protestant boys are loyal and true,
Stout-hearted in battle and stout-handed too;
The Protestant boys are true to the last,
And faithful and peaceful when danger is past.
And, oh! they bear and proudly wear
The colours that floated o'er many a fray,
When cannons were flashing,
And sabres were clashing,
The Protestant boys still carried the day.

When James, half a bigot, and more of a knave,
With masses and Frenchmen the land would enslave,
The Protestant boys for liberty drew,
And showed, with the Orange, their banner of blue ;
And Derry well their might can tell,
Who first in their ranks did the Orange display ;
And Boyne had no shyers,
And Aughrim no flyers,
For the Protestant boys they carried the day.

When treason was rampant and traitors were strong,
And law was defied by a vile rebel throng,
When thousands were banded, the Throne to cast down,
The Protestants rallied and stood by the Crown ;
And oft in the fight, by day and by night,
They encountered the rebels in many a fray,
Where red pikes were bristling,
And bullets were whistling,
The Protestant boys still carried the day.

And still does the fame of their glory remain
Unclouded by age and undimmed by a stain ;
And ever, and ever, their cause we'll uphold,
The cause of the true, the trusted, and bold,
And scorn to yield or quit the field
While over our heads the old colours shall play ;
And traitors shall tremble,
Whene'er they assemble,
For the Protestant boys shall carry the day.

The Protestant boys are loyal and true,
Tho' fashions are changed and the loyal are few,
The Protestant boys are true to the last,
Tho' cowards belie them when danger is past.
Aye, still we stand a loyal band,
And reck not the liars whatever they say ;
For let our drums rattle
The summons to battle,
Oh ! then Protestant boys *must* carry the day.

THE COUNTY ANTRIM MEN.

AIR : "*Original.*"

You Orangemen of Ireland, assist me with your will,
While I sing you a verse or two, here present on "Mount Hill ;"
And sound the joys of Orange boys, the truth I'm going to say,
It appears here each morning, on July the first day.

With the boys of Ballymena, Antrim, and Larne-town,
That still do their endeavour, to keep the rebels down ;
The men of Maghermorn, that never were afraid,
To keep down Pope or popery, and burn the "Green Cockade."

To hoist your Orange colours, and let your banners fly,
And commemorate King William on the 12th day of July ;
Aughrim, Boyne, and Derry, with Enniskillen town,
I now do say they showed them play, and kept the rebels down.

The Lodge of Carrickfergus, not forgetting Ballyclere,
And Ballymore, we all are sure, they're true Orangemen there ;
Here's to Braid, that's not afraid, and Glenwherry men all round,
Stoneyford, Ballinderry, Sandy Row, and Lisburn town.

Upon each 12th of July, our drums will sweetly sound,
To honour those Orange heroes of Antrim all around ;
Who never were fainthearted, but always bore the sway,
To commemorate the conqueror great, on July the first day.

So now my Orange brethren, come listen unto me,
Assist and aid in time of need to keep down popery ;
And ever be undaunted, and still hold up your hand,
For no rebel born was ever fit to face an Orangeman.

Twelve times a year assemble, and all in chorus join,
To celebrate the conqueror, Great William of the Boyne ;
And on each 12th of July, our Orange flag display,
All through the land, with heart and hand, in memory of the day.

Here's to the boys that feared no noise, that day upon "Mount Hill,"
That ne'er were late, their drums to beat, nor yet their pipes to fill ;
They do appear so gallant here, when they do pass you by,
On each 5th day of November, and each 12th day of July.

Now to conclude these verses, I mean to drop my pen,
And for to sound the praises of the County Antrim men ;
Oh ! may they still be faithful, and true unto the crown,
And able be, on each 12th day, to keep all rebels down.

THE BATTLE OF THE DIAMOND, 21ST SEPTEMBER, 1795

AIR : "*Not a drum was heard.*"

It was not in faction, it was not in hate,
That we men of the North assembled ;
It was that our own and our children's fate
In the balance no longer trembled.

For there came—'twas at night—a lawless band,
  Their ranks like a torrent swelling,
With the weapons of slaughter in each man's hand,
  Where we in our homes were dwelling.

Darkly they came in the dead of night,
  They gave no word of warning ;
And they laughed at the blaze their hands would light,
  And the smoke that would greet the morning.

They paused—did they fear the storm they'd woke ?
  That they faltered as forth we sallied ;
For we saw when the light of the morning broke,
  On the Diamond Hill they'd rallied.

What, tho' they were many, and we but few,
  Yet each to the conflict hasted ;
And the shots were sharp and the aim was true,
  While that fearless struggle lasted.

Yes, last it did ; aye, many a day,
  But the shield of our God was o'er us,
'Till at last, like a quarry long held at bay,
  We drove them like chaff before us.

Then blame us not when all was o'er,
  And looked on the dead around us,
It's then, and forever, an oath we swore,
  To be found as that day had found us.

Stern and steadfast, and linked as one,
  On God and ourselves relying,
Seeking quarrel or feud with none,
  But all on earth defying.

Traverse who will that wretched land,
  Oft rife with revolt and riot ;
And where'er you hear of our loyal band,
  There alone shall ye find it quiet.

Yes ; cold suspicion, and scoff, and scorn,
  And calumny have assailed us ;
Aye ! hard though it was, all these were borne,
  Nor once have our true hearts failed us.

We have 'bided our time—it is well nigh come,
  It will find us stern and steady ;
It will need not to rouse us with trumpet or drum,
  For our hearts and our arms are ready.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE, A. D., 1690.

It was upon a summer's morn, unclouded rose the sun,
And lightly o'er the waving corn, their way the breezes won ;
Sparkling beneath that ancient beam, 'midst banks of verdure gay,
Its eastward course, a silver stream, held smilingly away.

A kingly host upon its side, a monarch camped around,
Its southern upland far and wide, their white pavilions crowned ;
Not long that sky unclouded showed, nor long beneath the ray,
That gentle stream in silver flowed, to meet the new-born day.

Through yonder fairy-haunted glen, from out that dark ravine,
Is heard the tread of armed men, the gleam of arms seen ;
And dashing forth in bright array, along yon verdant banks,
All eager for the coming fray, are ranged the martial ranks.

Peals the loud gun, its thunders boom, the echoing vales along,
While curtained in the sulph'rous gloom, moves on the gallant throng ;
And horse and foot in mingled mass, regardless all of life,
With furious ardour onward pass, to join the deadly strife.

Nor strange that with such ardent flame, each glowing heart beat high,
Their battle word was William's name, and " Death or Liberty ; "
Then, Oldbridge, then, thy peaceful bowers, with sounds unwonted rang,
And Tredagh, 'mid thy distant towers, was heard the mighty clang.

The silver stream is crimsoned wide, and clogged with many a corpse,
As floating down its gentle tide, commingled man and horse ;
Now fiercer grows the battle's rage, the guarded stream is crossed,
And furious, hand to hand, engage each bold contending host.

He falls ! the veteran hero falls, renowned along the Rhine,
And he, whose name, while Derry's walls endure, shall brightly shine ;
Oh ! would to Heaven that Churchman bold, his name with triumph blessed,
The soldier spirit had controlled, that fired his pious breast.

And he, the chief of yonder brave and persecuted band,
Who foremost rushed amid the waves, and gained the hostile strand ;
He bleeds ! brave Caillemote, he bleeds—closed is his bright career,
Yet still that band to glorious deeds his dying accents cheer.

And now that well contested strand, successive columns gain,
While backward James's yielding band are borne across the plain ;
In vain the sword green Erin draws, and life away doth fling,
Oh ! worthy of a better cause, and of a bolder king.

In vain thy bearing bold is shown, upon that blood-stained ground,
Thy towering hopes are overthrown, thy choicest fall around ;
Nor shame, abandon thou the fray, nor blush though conquered there,
A power against thee fights to-day, no mortal arm may dare.

Nay, look not to that distant height in hope of coming aid,
The dastard thence has taken flight, and left thee all betrayed ;
Hurrah ! hurrah ! the victors shout, as heard on high Donore,
Down Platten's vale, in hurried rout, thy shattered masses pour.

But many a gallant spirit there, retreats across the plain,
Who, change but kings, would gladly dare that battle-field again ;
Enough, enough, the victor cries, your fierce pursuits forbear,
Let grateful prayer to Heaven arise, and vanquished foemen spare.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! for liberty, for her the sword we drew,
And dared the battle, while on high, our Orange banners flew ;
Woe worth the hour, woe worth the State, when men shall cease to join,
With grateful hearts to celebrate, the glories of the Boyne.

THE DEFEAT OF THE REPEALERS BY THE ORANGEMEN OF THE NORTH, AUGUST, 1845.

Good men and true, that wear the blue, 'tis time that ye came forth,
And "reck them rede" our homestead breed, throughout the "canny North ;"
And tell them yet, who fain forget, the gallant blood of yore,
They yet may see, it "do or dee," what hath been, may be more.

When Antrim wakes, its "lake of lakes," in giant column rears,
From "Bann's white tide and Lagan's side," now rich with golden spears ;
"From bigot strife, with hounded life, the Huguenot fled here,"
Now from their hold, come yeoman bold, and stalwart mountaineers.

The "Maiden Town" will send us down a brave and loyal band,
Though shorn be now her fearless brow, that guards our northern strand,
Good men and true, to dare and do, from Garvagh and Colraine,
When spurred by wrong the heart is strong—God teach you to refrain.

Where the foiled sea rolls in its glee, intented Donegal,
By lough and lake, her sons awake, and gather to our call ;
But no, not sleep ! 'was thine to keep, we only "bide the time ;"
'Twill not be long till rampant wrong has ripened in its prime.

Fermanagh ! thou art gathering now, stern spirits thou hast bred,
Woe to the snake whose shiny streak, coils through the grass they tread.
Tyrone ! thy tide, the true a.. .ried, is pourin, .own, I wean,
Like the fierce blast that rushes past old Tyrell's hills of green.

And loyal Down! from shire and town, right welcome thou shalt be,
In beauty rare, how passing fair, Rostrevor crowns the Lea.
And Newry, "leal," come woe or weal, will "telegraph" again,
The coming brunt, and noble front of the free-born northern men.

Armagh! in speed, send to our need, thy sinew, blood, and bone,
With spirit high in heart and eye, till death he wills his own.
And Monaghan! though last, not least, send forth unto their post,
But one in ten of thy brave men to crown our northern host.

And now we stand in this green land, and under heaven's blue dome,
God grant the prayer: each true man here, go bloodless, scatheless home;
But first we clasp, in brothers' grasp, a fearless, loyal hand,
Our faith to plight, to hold the right, for God and native land.

We ask no broil, our foes to foil, we brook their insults base;
How hard the task, they need but ask the record of our race;
The "Diamond" fight will tell them right, the banks of sullied "Bann,"
Unless forgot, they'll tempt us not, "to bob in o'er again."

Each rank we sink, in brothers' link, the true old blood is here,
None base but they who would betray the righteous cause and dear;
They said 'twas cold, the blood of old, the spirit of our sires,
But here's to you, good men and true, whose hearts retain their fires.

But oh! we boast a higher toast, and better weapons wear,
They taunt us still, the "Bible-men," would that in truth we were;
So help us God, on this green sod, we pray a faithful prayer,
Thy peace bestow on friend and foe, and teach us to forbear.

TO A "ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST," ON THE BURNING OF THE BIBLE.

Grave sir! why thus, in childish rage,
In this bright, scientific age,
Vent your weak anger on a page
Which many have commended?
That page afforded no pretence,
To any man of common sense,
To take foul umbrage or offence
At what was well intended.

'Twas meant most humbly to record
The visitations of the Lord,
On those who slight His holy Word
And live in hate and malice.
That he who would from men remove
The volume of redeeming love,
Brings no commission from above
To cottage or to palace.

Your folly served but to amaze
The men who saw you frown and gaze
Upon that melancholy blaze,
Sad emblem of another,
Where the lost sinner's piercing cries,
And shrieks for vengeance rend the skies
'Gainst those who taught them to despise,
And persecute his brother.

Fix'd for all ages is that state,
No prayer of yours can change his fate;
But "for yourself" bright mercy's gate
Is kindly open still.
Retire and pray with all your might,
That on your soul, now dark as night,
Heaven may bestow some ray of light
To rectify your will.

To teach you ere you teach again,
That human efforts must be vain
The Bible's progress to restrain
On land or spacious ocean.
That when your angry labour 's done,
It will be just as if you'd run,
To cast your mantle o'er the sun,
To entertain such notion.

And now farewell! the day will come
When, pale and trembling from the tomb,
You'll rise to your eternal doom
Of misery or bliss.
To right or left hand, borne away,
You'll either bless or curse the day
That pity sent you on your way
A lesson such as this.

THE FIELD OF THE DIAMOND.

A song to the field, the well-fought field,
That the battle of the Diamond won;
When the sword in its might, for Protestants' right,
Flashed forth in the evening sun.
And the glorious west, with its red clouds blessed,
Shone out on the deeds then done;
And the mountain's heath was the scene of death,
That the battle of the Diamond won.

Then hurrah! then hurrah.

'Twas in the year 95, September 21st,
That the battle of the Diamond won;
When hosts rushed from the hills, with shouts and popish yells,
Led by priests, each with his gun.
But them to oppose stood Protestant foes,
Who scattered the murderous crew;
And ere the sun set, the green grass was wet,
But not with the evening dew.

Then hurrah! then hurrah.

From this noble fight our lodge takes its name,
The Diamond Lodge our pride;
The ardent desires which glowed in our sires,
In us, their sons, do abide.
Should rebels again, e'er be seen on the plain,
An Orangeman's fire they'd shun;
For the Diamond will cast its fires to the last,
That the battle of the Diamond won.

Then hurrah! then hurrah for victory,
With sound of Orange fife and drum:
By William's sons who then, cleared all rebels from the glen,
At the battle of the Diamond won.

THE BRIGHT ORANGE RIBBON WITH PURPLE AND BLUE.

AIR: "*Sprig of Shillelagh.*"

He love is the soul of a true Orangeman,
He love's all that's loyal, love's all that he can,
With his bright orange ribbons of purple and blue;
His heart is right honest, he's firm and sound,
No malice or envy is there to be found;
For his king and his country he's ready to fight,
In subduing all rebels he takes great delight,
With his bright orange ribbon of purple and blue.

If you had the honor to sit in our lodge,
It's there you would see the true Orangeman's badge
Of bright orange ribbons with purple and blue ;
A neat silken collar adorns his white neck,
Which the orange, the blue and the purple do deck,
For our king, constitution, our country and laws,
The Protestant religion, and that is the cause
Of those bright orange ribbons with purple and blue.

In the evening returning, as homeward he goes,
His heart full of love for his country and those
Who wear bright orange ribbons of purple and blue ;
He greets an old friend whom he meets by the way,
He proves him a brother and to him does say :
Did you hear of the message that came from above,
Which bids us unite still in brotherly love,
With our bright orange ribbons of purple and blue ?

Then here's to the land that gave William his birth,
With the land that we live in and its neighbouring earth,
That makes Orangemen, Purple and Purplemen true ;
May they of Great William always be well able
To thrash every foe that would strive to disable ;
May the sons of old George be loyal and stout,
And all Popish rebels quick put to the rout
With our bright orange ribbons of purple and blue.

POPISH TYRANNY.

AIR . "*Vicar of Bray.*"

When James, assuming rights from God, enslaved this free-born nation,
His sceptre was an iron rod, his reign a visitation ;
High Churchmen cried, "Obey ! obey ! let none resist a crowned head,
He who gainsays what tyrants say, is a rebellious Roundhead."

CHORUS.—Then let us sing, while echoes ring, the glorious Revolution ;
And still proclaim King William's fame, who saved the Constitution.

The Bible was no longer read, but tales of sinners, sainted,
The Gods adored were Gods of bread, and sign-posts carved and painted ;
Their priests and monks, with cowls and rop[illegible] arrived here without number,
With racks and daggers blessed by Popes, and beads of holy lumber.

Then let us sing, &c.

Our trade abroad, our wealth at home, and all things worth desiring,
Were sacrificed to France and Rome, while Britons lay expiring;
The monarch, a "Church-ridden Ass," did whatever priests suggested,
And trotted day by day to mass, the slave of slaves detested.

Then let us sing, &c.

By cruel popish politics were Protestants affrighted,
When to convert poor heretics new Smithfield fires were lighted;
But hopes soon sprang out of despair, so Providence commanded,
Our fears were all dispersed in air, and valiant William landed.

Then let us sing, &c.

From all who dare to tyrannize, may Heaven still defend us,
And should another James arise, another William send us;
May monarchs great o'er Britain reign, with highest worth distinguished,
But those who would our annals stain, may they be quite extinguished.

Then let us sing, while echoes ring, the glorious Revolution;
And still proclaim King William's fame, who saved the Constitution.

THE MARKSMAN.

One night as I slumbered and on my pillow lay,
A vision came to me, and thus he did say,—
Arise from your slumbers, and quickly draw near,
Till I show you this grand work that now shines so clear.

CHORUS,—So you, Marksmen, be steady and true to your cause,
And remember bold Joshua, that first framed our laws.

It was then I drew nigh to the ground where he did stand,
With a mantle he clad me, and a staff in my hand;
Through valleys he led me, and paths where he trod,
Where no man can travel but true Orange blood.

So you, Marksmen, &c.

When I was admitted, I was not profane,
Though I wandered in crossing o'er Jordan's deep stream ;
Then I came to a mountain, to the top I did climb,
And there the Grand Master gave me the great sign.

So you, Marksmen, &c.

Being led to the serpent, that was on the ground laid,
I was ordered to lift it, but I was afraid ;
They ordered again, and bid me not fail,
But be of good courage, and catch it by the tail.

So you, Marksmen, &c.

We travelled on our journey, Joshua being our guide,
Saying, lift those twelve stones, and Jordan's stream divide ;
Joshua obeyed Jehovah's great will,
And for that very reason he caused the sun to stand still.

So you, Marksmen, &c.

We crossed Jordan's stream, and reached to Jericho,
And from thence to Gilgal, where all true Marksmen go ;
Where we pitched our tents by the Lord's command,
And to this very day there our grand work does stand.

So you, Marksmen, &c.

So come all you brother Marksmen, that belong to our band,
Come join hand and chorus, and then rise and stand,
And may our Purple Order still flourish and entwine,
And remember the vision that gave us the grand sign.

So you, Marksmen, be steady and true
to your cause,
And remember bold Joshua, that first
framed our laws.

THE BRIGHT BANNER OF GALLANT NASSAU.

AIR : "*Bonnie Dundee.*"

In cottage, in castle, in hamlet and hall,
Stand true to your colours, brave Orangemen all,
For there's work for the peer and the peasant to do,
Beneath our loved banner of Orange and Blue.

Dark deeds of deviltry trouble our land,
Satan and Popery walk hand in-hand ;
Abroad through our country the enemy roams,
And the serpent, unheeded, glides into our homes.
Why rest ye ? why sleep ye ? the wolf's in the fold,
He conquers by cunning, like Satan of old ;
He sneers at the Bible, despises the law,
But dreads the bright banner of gallant Nassau.

It is noble to band with the true and the free,
While cowards are crouching at popery's knee ;
Like strong men we labour, like heroes we fight,
For God and our country, for truth and our right.
Joys for the idler, and dreams for the vain,
Wealth for the worldling who lives but for gain,
Smiles for the coward, who dreads the world's ban,
But God's work, till death, for the Protestant man !
Awake ! banded brothers, the wolf's in the fold
He conquers by cunning, like Satan of old,
He sneers at the Bible, despises the law,
But dreads the bright banner of gallant Nassau.

There's an army of true men, from peasant to lord,
Some toil in our cities, some plough the rough sward ;
God keep them from falling ! God shield them from harm
For they are our strength in the time of alarm ;
Known among men for their love of the truth,
Known by stern valour in old man and youth ;
Oh, trust them, Victoria, when dangers appal,
The true sons of William will come at thy call.
Be watchful, be wakeful ! the wolf's in the fold
He conquers by cunning, like Satan of old,
He sneers at the Bible, despises the law,
But dreads the bright banner of gallant Nassau

Great army of brothers ! be brothers in love,
True sons of a loving Grand Master above ;
Great army of brothers ! unite and be strong,
The end is approaching ; Rome triumphs—how long
Be as one man for our time-honoured cause,
Be as one man for the "Queen" and her laws,
Bear with each other through weal and through woe,
And shame not the truth in the eyes of the foe.
Be true, be united ! the wolf's in the fold,
He conquers by cunning, like Satan of old
He sneers at the Bible, despises the law,
But dreads the bright banner of gallant Nassau.

OUR ISLAND HOME.

The popish priest is at the door, his lamb-like voice we hear,
But we half detect the lion's roar, tho' we'll not stoop to fear ;
There's a spirit in old England that will not crouch to Rome ;
Our fathers loved the brave and free in their own dear native home.

The truth which ancient Britons knew, unto our hearts are known,
We will not bend at popish mass, nor kneel to gods of stone ;
Our church is not a new made church—it flourished in the land
Before the slaves of Papal Rome polluted England's strand.

We're of no sect ; our hearts are knit with "Jesus Christ our Lord,"
And we'll not change our ancient faith, Apostate, at thy word ;
Our faith is truth—the truth of God—it blazes high and bright,
We'll stand to it, as our fathers stood, and may God defend the right.

ORANGE LAND.

AIR: "*When Vulcan Forged.*"

Hail ! to the brave and mighty dead, the hero and the sage,
Whose glorious deeds shall lustre shed to many a future age ;
And sound the trumpet, voice of fame, the valiant actions shall proclaim,
Of many a true and faithful band, who fought and bled for Orange land.

When Jesuits once did lord it o'er those rights not made for them,
When bigot James tyrannic wore old England's diadem ;
Oh ! then there beamed across the sea a star of hope—of chivalry,
Great William came and gave command ; he fought and won for Orange land.

Pious and true, then Walker came, and unto him was given
To fire the heart with freedom's thought and guide the soul to Heaven.
And men who reverenced virtue's name followed in Walker's path of fame,
But, oh ! at Boyne's immortal strand he lost his life for Orange land.

Schomberg the Great ! in battle strife oft won the victor crown,
Now offered up his veteran life to pull a tyrant down ;
And, starlike, his career was cast, "all light," "all glorious," to the last ;
And he who oft the battle planned, in battle fell for Orange lan

Oh! let us hail, as leading stars, those mighty-minded men,
And emulate their deeds, their scars, no matter where or when;
In Heaven's light we'll tread the earth, marshalled, for altar, throne,
and hearth,
'Midst cannon's roar and flashing brand, to win, or die, for Orange land.

UNFURL THE ORANGE STANDARD.

AIR: "*Childhood's Happy Home.*"

Unfurl the Orange standard, men, the foe are in the field;
To arms, ye warriors! once again make heartless rebels yield;
Answer their boasts with musket balls, their threats with flashing
blades:
Arm! arm! your country calls for Protestant brigades.

Unfurl the standard of the blue; the green is waving now;
Flock to our ranks, ye brave and true, and breathe your battle vow,
For altars, homes, and truth to fight, and, if need be, to die,
And ne'er to sheath your falchions bright till after victory.

Yes, let the Orange and the Blue stream proudly out again,
Before the anxious, longing view of all true-hearted men;
Let it wave through the azure sky and kiss the breeze of Heaven,
'Till victory by the Lord most high to our grand cause is given.

THE ORANGE SONS OF ULSTER.

Sons of the North! the storm clouds that lowering, had hung o'er your
country, are gathering in ire,
Sons of the North! the true-hearted o'erpouring the enemy spreads
o'er the land like a fire;
Orangemen, wake! the proud summons is swelling, soon to resound to
the bounds of the world,
Summons of joy to the Protestants telling, William's bright banner
again is unfurled.

Sons of the North ! when the feeble forbade you, long, all too long, in endurance you slept,
Faint hearts forsook you, and false hearts betrayed you, sad, though undaunted, your silence you kept ;
Rise ! with the sound of a nation awaking, spread the glad tidings o'er mountain and seas,
'Till the grim foe that its slumbers awaking, the flag of our fathers now floats on the breeze.

Sons of the North ! no, you will not surrender the holy bequest of your forefathers' faith,
Pledged to your country to love and defend her, pledged to the truth, to the life, and to death ;
Sons of the North ! will you see her degraded ! Sons of the North ! will you blush for your home ?
Dark with the mists of idolatry shaded, crushed by the heel of the despot of Rome.

No ! by the gates that in timely defiance, gave to your country its warning and sign,
No ! by the tyrants' unholy alliance, swept from the North by the waters of Boyne ;
Orangemen ! Northmen ! ye slumber no longer, patience is cowardice, hope being gone,
Wiser in counsel, in brotherhood stronger, rise in defence of the Altar and Throne.

Sons of the North ! be not faithless to-morrow, pause ! be not deceived for the struggle is nigh,
They who would scorn you must learn to their sorrow, what is the strength they have dared to defy ;
Rise to a man ! and the battle arraying, from the dark phalanx and spread the long line,
Bosoms uniting and banners displaying, rise ! like a giant recruited with wine.

Trust ! not in man for fair promises broke, mark ! the sad era of confidence passed,
No ! by yourselves let the watchword be spoken, trust not in man, we have trusted our last ;
Nor though we wield them our country defending, trust we in buckler, in helm, or on sword,
But on our cause and its justice depending, Orangemen ! Northmen ! we trust in the Lord.

THE ORANGE TREE.

AIR : "*Kitty's Rambles in Ireland.*"

Ye murmuring streams that surround Enniskillen,
To set forth your praise I am now very willing ;
In commemoration of glorious KING WILLIAM,
Who watered the branches of the Orange tree.

The juvenile blooming, and transparent beauty,
Of that Orange tree, for to praise is my duty ;
The Boyne, Enniskillen, and Derry, salute me,
In singing the praises of the Orange tree.

One night in the dark, as I strayed through a mountain,
My way being rugged, my steps I was counting ;
I slowly advanced to a clear crystal fountain,
Where I came in sight of the bright Orange tree.

The moon being quartered, divided by numbers,
The earth it did shake, and the elements thundered ;
Dejected with terror I looked on with wonder,
To view William's colours—the bright Orange tree!

For three miles and more in a deep meditation,
I travelled to find out that grand decoration ;
A palace majestic, and grand elevation,
On a hill that stood eastward, appeared unto me.

They had sentinels placed, for to keep off all strangers,
We formed the inner court, that was free from all dangers ;
Neither Philistines, Turks, nor uncircumcised strangers,
Dare peep through the keyhole at our Orange tree.

Then we opened a Bible, and thought on old Moses,
Repeated some words that the Scripture oft told us ;
I spoke and I battled with all my opposers,
To gain the inside as I wanted to see.

They opened the door, where I saw Aaron standing,
His laws and his orders judiciously handing ;
While William of Orange was boldly commanding,
To foster the branches of the Orange tree.

I being well pleased with what I saw there,
I knelt down with submission, and made a long prayer ;
I looked up to the altar, Oh ! how I did stare,
At the scenes that did hang round the bright Orange tree !

No palace of marble, nor Egyptian tower,
The garden of Eden could not produce such a flower—
The land of Canaan, even Venus' bower,
Could not equal the sight of that bright Orange tree.

I being a stranger and not known at all,
On my wearisome journey three times did I fall ;
My refreshments were vinegar mingled with gall,
Ere I came in sight of the bright Orange tree.

Being opposed with stones, my opposers throwing,
While thundering and lightning and tempests were blowing ;
They all stopped in an instant, to hear the cocks crowing,
That are on the branches of the Orange tree.

The colours we wore were Blue, Purple, and Scarlet,
And some other things never known to Rome's harlot ;—
I was just going to tell, but for reasons, I dare not
Reveal any secrets committed to me.

When the tree is in bloom, and well covered with flowers,
The fruit they do ripen in twenty-four hours ;
And Old Jordan's clear stream mixed with heavenly showers,
To water the branches of the Orange tree.

May Enniskillen, kind Archdall, and Brooks reign for ever,
Those true sons of William, both generous and clever ;
With Protestant principles shining together,
In annals of history recorded shall be.

O'Connell's proud darts and Popery's thunder,
One link of our chain they could ne'er break asunder ;
On the 12th of July they will look on with wonder,
And view William's colours—the bright Orange tree.

Now to conclude, here's to old Enniskillen,
And the County Fermanagh, who always were willing
For to drink a good health to the memory of William,
Who supported our cause and our country set free.

May we always remember our Orange Grand Master,
Who looks to protect us from every disaster ;
We will join hand in hand, both now and hereafter,
And drink to the flourishing bright Orange tree.

THE "ENNISKILLENERS."

BY THOMAS REID.

AIR: *"Larry O'Gaff."*

Its famed Enniskillen, your sons always willin'
The temper of steel with all foes for to try ;
The deeds of your sages on history's pages,
Untarnished they stand o'er earth's space and the sky.
From the Boyne unto Derry, from Belfast to Kerry,
From London to Glasgow, the shores all along,
To sing of your praises each true heart it raises,
Each mountain and valley re-echoes the song.

CHORUS—So it's famed Enniskillen, your sons always willin'
The temper of steel with all foes for to try ;
The deeds of your sages on history's pages,
Untarnished they stand o'er earth's space and the sky.

Lisnaskea may be proud of its ancient defenders,
Loughbrickland, too, has good right to give praise,
Lisgoole, Castle Hume, Castle Skeak the flames render,
'Till Fermanagh's brave sons came and soon quenched the blaze ;
Also brave Lisballaw gave the rebels lockjaw,
At the sight of its rocks, filled them all with dismay ;
Their bright colours spread, made them all hide their head,
With Macarthy and Wolsey they all ran away.

So it's famed Enniskillen, &c.

Britain's colonies, too, have a right to be thankful ;
They all share the joys that your sires have won,
When French agitators and rebelly traitors
By them were defeated on the banks of the Boyne!
When Portland and Ginkell, McCormick and Crichton,
From Maguiresbridge to the Castle called Crom,
Belturbet and Cavan, Killeshandry and Navan,
All welcomed your heroes as soon as they come.

So it's famed Enniskillen, &c.

The wild wintry blast of those days now are past,
When the "Enniskilleners" mingled with the good and the true,
The Dutch and the German, the Dane and Finlander,
The Huguenot also, with Solme's royal blue ;
They were commanded by men who in heart were most worthy,
To lead them to honour, to glory, and fame ;
Brave Douglas of Scotia, Mitchelburne of old Derry,
Newtownbutler defended, and saved from the flame.

So it's famed Enniskillen, &c.

The day shall not fade while your bright deeds of valour,
As at famed Waterloo, where no mercy did crave ;
Though the *Rose* and the *Thistle* French hides well did LATHER,
It was left for the *Shamrock* their beards off to SHAVE.
Also at the Boyne, when Prince William he chose you
At that struggle for freedom to be his life guard,
At your head he rode forth, o'er the streams of Boyne's river ;
Your victorious advance no foeman could retard.

So it's famed Enniskillen, &c.

So its brave Enniskillen, your sons always willin'
To defend the old spot where your forefathers stood,
And bequeathed you a gem as their life core was spillin',
To be guarded unsullied, 'twas sealed with their blood ;
Six hundred and three faithfully still guard the treasure,
Its ranks strongly filled with high men of renown ;
Captain Archdall and Accles, Bell, Somers and Trimble,
Buchanan and Irwin, they still can be found.

So it's famed Enniskillen, &c.

Now farewell, Enniskillen, I'll quick fill a bumper
Of genuine good whiskey and drink to you all ;
The gem you'll keep safe that your forefathers left you,
To be its guardians you're trained by Capt. Mervin Archdall.
We'll toast to the brave men of old Enniskillen,
May they never know want, as they never knew fear ;
A terror to foes, you oft gave them a millin',
And you'll do so again should they ever appear.

So it's brave Enniskillen, your sons always willin'
The temper of steel with all foes for to try ;
The deeds of your sages on history's pages,
Untarnished they stand o'er earth's space and the sky.

Toast.

To the brave men who lathered and shaved the French at Waterloo, beat the Papists at the Boyne, and whom William was truly pleased to style GENTLEMEN.

T. R.

Toronto, February 20th, 1876.

WILLIAM'S NAME.

BY THOMAS REID.

Now in conclusion, brethren, one word I have to say,
Peruse this little volume ; cast all jealous thoughts away ;
And ne'er malign a brother, nor strive to blast his fame ;
Be true to one another, and uphold brave William's name.

To amuse the brethren cheerily, and dispel all acts of strife,
It has been the thought and study of the compiler's life ;
To keep alive those ancient deeds our forefathers raised to fame,
At Derry, Aughrim, and the Boyne, through glorious William s name

If this should prove to be the case, rewarded he will be,
To see the blossoms blooming on that brave old Orange Tree ;
All throughout the universe, "Tom Reid" you will not blame,
For publishing this edition in praise of William's name.

I have done my best for this my book,
I'll meet you all with scrip and crook,
In that bright land of love and joy,
So my Orange friends, good-by ! good-by.

THOMAS REID.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.